THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

AUGUST 23, 1902 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

ffrenches First

By Lloyd Osbourne

The Millionaires

By David Graham Phillips

The New General Commanding

By A. Maurice Low

Beginning in the Railroad Business

By J. T. Harahan

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

$142,500.00

Will be GIVEN AWAY in Jan., 1903

To Smokers of the

BEST AND LARGEST SELLING BRANDS OF CIGARS

IN THE WORLD

HOW MANY CIGARS will the United States collect Taxes on during the month of December, 1902?

(Cigars bearing $3.00 per thousand tax)

$142,500.00 will be given in January, 1903, to the persons whose estimates are nearest to the number of cigars on which $3.00 tax per thousand is paid during the month of December, 1902, as shown by the total sales of stamps made by the United States Internal Revenue Department during December, 1902.

Distribution will be made as follows:

To the	(1) person estimating the closest		$5,000.00 IN CASH.
To the	2 persons whose estimates are next closest	($2,500.00 each)	5,000.00 "
To the	5 persons whose estimates are next closest	($1,000.00 each)	5,000.00 "
To the	10 persons whose estimates are next closest	($500.00 each)	5,000.00 "
To the	20 persons whose estimates are next closest	($250.00 each)	5,000.00 "
To the	25 persons whose estimates are next closest	($100.00 each)	2,500.00 "
To the	50 persons whose estimates are next closest	($50.00 each)	2,500.00 "
To the	100 persons whose estimates are next closest	($25.00 each)	2,500.00 "
To the	2,000 persons whose estimates are next closest	($10.00 each)	20,000.00 "
To the	3,000 persons whose estimates are next closest	($5.00 each)	15,000.00 "
To the	30,000 persons whose estimates are next closest we will send to each one box of 50 "Cremo" Cigars (value $2.50 per box)		75,000.00
35,213			
35,213 persons			$142,500.00

EVERY 100 BANDS FROM ABOVE-NAMED CIGARS WILL ENTITLE YOU TO FOUR ESTIMATES

(One "Florodora" band counting as two bands from the 5-cent cigars mentioned; and no less than 100 bands will be received at any one time for estimates.)

Information which may be of value in making estimates:—the number of Cigars now bearing $3.00 Tax per thousand, for which Stamps were purchased, appears below:

In December, 1900,	427,092,208	Cigars.	In March, 1902,	516,599,027	Cigars.
" December, 1901,	479,312,170	"	" April, 1902,	516,835,163	"
" January, 1902,	496,983,717	"	" May, 1902,	523,035,907	"
" February, 1902,	445,495,483	"			

In case of a tie in estimates, the amount offered will be divided equally among those entitled to it. Distribution of the awards will be made as soon after January 1st, 1903, as the figures are obtainable from the Internal Revenue Department of the United States for December.

Write your full name and Post Office Address plainly on packages containing bands. The Postage or Express charges on your package must be fully prepaid, in order for your estimate to participate. **All estimates under this offer must be forwarded before December 1st, 1902, to the**

FLORODORA TAG COMPANY, Jersey City, N. J.

You do not lose the value of your bands. Receipts will be sent you for your bands, and these receipts will be just as good as the bands themselves in securing Presents. One band from "Florodora," or two bands from any of the other Cigars mentioned above, will count in securing Presents the same as one tag from "Star," "Horse Shoe," "Spear Head," "Standard Navy," "Old Peach and Honey," "J. T.," "Master Workman," "Piper Heidsieck," "Jolly Tar," "Boot Jack," "Old Honesty," "Razor," or "Planet" Tobacco; or one "Sweet Caporal" Cigarette Box Front.

Send each estimate on a separate piece of paper, with your name and address plainly written on each

Blank forms for estimates will be mailed upon application

Illustrated Catalogue of Presents for 1903 and 1904 will be ready for distribution about October 1st, 1902, and will be mailed on receipt of ten cents, or ten tobacco tags, or twenty cigar bands.

1902

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Copyright, 1902, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

VOLUME 175 — PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 23, 1902 — NUMBER 8

IT BURST WITH THE ROAR OF A CANNON

ffrenches First

By Lloyd Osbourne

WHAT HAPPENED TO FYLES FFRENCH AT FORTY FYLES TOGETHER WITH THE EXTRAORDINARY OUTCOME OF AN AMERICAN FOURTH OF JULY IN A BRITISH PARK

"HOW DARE YOU LET OFF FIREWORKS IN THIS PARK?"

I SUPPOSE if I had been a hero of romance instead of an ordinary kind of chap I should have steamed in with the Tallahassee, fired a gun and landed in state, instead of putting on my old clothes and sneaking into the county on an automobile. However, I did my little best, so far as making a date with Babcock was concerned, and as it turned out in the end I dare say the hero of romance wouldn't have managed it much better himself. It was late when I got into Forty Fyles, as the village was called, and put up at one of those quaint, low-raftered, bulging old inns which still remain, thank Heaven, here and there, in the lesser-traveled parts of England. If I was dusty and dirty when I arrived, you ought to have seen me the next day after a two hours' job with the sparker, which (like all sparkers) sometimes sparked and sometimes wouldn't, and which all along had been giving me a heap of trouble. By the time I had got the thing to rights and had puffed up and down the main street to make assurance sure and astonish the natives (who came out two hundred strong and cheered), I was as frowsy, unkempt and dilapidated an American as ever drove a Comte Dion through the rural lanes of Britain. Indeed, I was so shocked at my own appearance when I looked at myself in the glass—such a wiggly old glass, that showed one in streaks like bacon—that I went down to the draper's and tried to buy a new set-out. But as they had nothing except cheap tripper suits for pygmies (I stand six feet in my stockings and played full-back at my college) and fishermen's clothes of an ancient Dutch design, I forebore to waste my good dollars in making a guy of myself and decided to remain as I was.

Then, as I was sitting in the bar and asking the potman the best way to get to Castle Fyles, it suddenly came over me that it was the Fourth of July, and that, recreant, recreant as I was, I had come near forgetting the event altogether. I started off again down the main street to discover some means of raising a noise, and after a good deal of searching I managed to procure several handfuls of strange whitey firecrackers the size of cigars, and a peculiar red package that the shopkeeper called a "Hætna Volcano." He said that for four and eightpence one couldn't find its match in Lunnon itself, and obligingly took off twopence when I pointed out that Vesuvius hadn't a fuse. With the crackers in my pocket and the volcano under my arm, I set forth in the pleasant summer morning to walk to Castle Fyles, having an idea to rest by the way and celebrate the Fourth in the very heart of the hereditary enemy.

The road, as is so often the case in England, ran between high stone walls and restrained the wayfarer from straying into the gentlemen's parks on either hand; the sun shone overhead with the fierce heat of a British July; and to make matters worse in my case I seemed to be the lodestone of what traffic was in progress on the highway. A load of hay stuck to me with obstinate determination: if I walked slowly the hay lagged beside me; if I quickened my pace the hay whipped up his horses; when I rested and mopped my brow, the hay rested and mopped *its* brow. Then there were tramps of various kinds: a Punch and Judy show on the march; swift, silent bicyclists who sped past in a flurry of dust; local gentry riding cockhorses—no doubt to Banbury Crosses; local gentry in dogcarts; local gentry in closed carriages going to a funeral, and apparently—as seen through the windows—very hot and mournful and perspiring; an antique clergyman in an antique gig who gave me a tract and warned me against drink; a *char-à-banc* filled to bursting with the True Blue Constitutional Club of East Pigley—such, at least, was the inscription on a streaming banner—who swung past waving their hats and singing, "Our Boarder's Such a Nice Young Man"; then some pale, aristocratic children in a sort of perambulating clothes-basket drawn by a hairy mite of a pony, who looked at me disapprovingly, as though I hadn't come honestly by the volcano; then—but why go on with the never-ending procession of British Pilgrims who straggled out at just sufficient intervals to keep between them a perpetual eye on my movements and prevent me from celebrating the birth of freedom in any kind of privacy. At last, getting desperate at this espionage, and thinking, besides, I could make a shorter cut toward Castle Fyles, I clambered over an easy place in the left-hand wall and dropped into the shade of a magnificent park. Here, at least, whatever the risk of an outraged law—which I had been patronizingly told was even stricter than that of the Medes and Persians—I seemed free to wander unseen and undetected, and accordingly struck a course under the oaks that promised in time to bring me out near the sea.

Dipping into a little dell, where in the perfection of its English woodland one might have thought to meet Robin Hood himself or startle Littlejohn beside a fallen deer, I looked carefully about, got out my pale crackers and wondered whether I dared begin. It is always an eery sensation to be alone in the forest, what with the whispering leaves overhead, the stir and hum of insects, the rustle of ghostly footfalls, and in my case the uneasy sense of green-liveried keepers sneaking up at one through the clumps of gorse. However, I was not the man to belie the blood of Revolutionary heroes and meanly carry my unexploded crackers beyond the scene of danger, so I remembered the brave days of old and touched a whitey off. It burst with the roar of a cannon and reverberated through the glades like the broadside of a man-of-war. It took me a good five minutes before I had the courage to detonate another, which, for better security, I did this time under my hat. I am not saying it did the hat any good, but it seemed safer and less deafening, and I accordngly went on in this manner until there were only about three whiteys left between me and Vesuvius, which I kept back, in accordance with all tradition, for one big triumphant bang at the end.

I was in the act of touching my cigar to whitey number three, on my knees, I remember, and trying to arrange my hat so as to get the most muffling for the least outlay of burned felt, when the branches in front of me parted and I looked up to see—well, simply the most beautiful woman in the world, regarding me with astonishment and anger. She was about twenty, somewhat above the medium height, and her eyes were of a lovely flashing blue that seemed, in the intensity of her indignation, positively to emit sparks. Altogether the most exquisite, radiant and glorious creature that man was ever privileged to gaze upon.

"How dare you let off fireworks in this park?" she said in a voice like clotted cream, it was so rich and mellow.

I rose in some confusion.

"Leave directly," she said, "or I'll report you and have you summonsed!"

"I have only two more crackers and this here volcano," I said protestingly. "Surely you would not mind——"

"Don't be insolent," she said, "or I shall have no compunction in setting my dog on you."

I looked down and there, sure enough, rolling a yellow eye and showing his fangs at me was a sort of Uncle Tom's Cabin bloodhound only waiting to begin.

"The fact is," I said, speaking slowly, so as to emphasize the fact that I was a gentleman, "I am an American; to-day is our national holiday; and we make it everywhere our practice to celebrate it with fireworks. I would have done so in the road, but the island seemed so crowded this morning I couldn't find an undisturbed place outside the park."

Beauty was obviously mollified by my tone and respectful address.

"Please leave the park at once," she said.

I put the crackers in my pocket, took up my hat, placed the Hætna volcano under my arm and stood there ready to go.

"Accept my apologies," I said. "Whatever my fault, at least no discourtesy was intended."

We looked at each other and Beauty's face relaxed into something like a smile.

"Just give me one more minute for my volcano," I pleaded.

"You seem very polite," she returned. "Yes, you can set it off if that will be any satisfaction to you."

"It'll be a whole lot," I said, "and since you're so kind perhaps you'll let me include the crackers as well?"

Then she began to laugh, and the sweetest thing about it was that she didn't want to laugh a bit, and blushed the most lovely pink as she broke out again and again until the woods fairly rang. And as I laughed, too—for really it was most absurd; it was as good as a scene in a play. And so, while she held Legree's dog, whom the sound inflamed to frenzy, I popped off the crackers and dropped my cigar into Vesuvius. I tell you he was worth four and eightpence, and the man was right when he said there wasn't his match in London. I doubt if there was his match anywhere for being plumb-full of red balls and green balls and blue balls and crimson stars and fizzlegigs and whole torrents of tiny crackers and chase-me-quicks, and when you about thought he was never going to stop he shot up a silver spray and a gold spray, and wound up with a very considerable decent-sized bust.

"I must thank you for your good nature," I said to the young lady.

"Are you a typical American?" she asked.

"Oh, so-so," I returned. "There are heaps like me in New York."

"And do they all do this on the Fourth of July?" she asked.

"Every last one!" I said.

"Fancy!" she said.

"In America," I said, "when a man has received one favor he is certain to make it the stepping-stone for another. Won't you permit me to walk across the park to Castle Fyles?"

"Castle Fyles," she repeated with a little note of curiosity in her girlish voice, "then, don't you know that this is Fyles Park?"

"Can't say I did," I returned. "But I am delighted to hear it."

"Why are you delighted to hear it?" she asked, making me feel more than ever like an escaped lunatic.

"This is the home of my ancestors," I said, "and it makes me glad to think they amount to something—own real estate—and keep their venerable heads above water."

"So this is the home of your ancestors," she said.

"It's holy ground to me," I said.

"Fancy!" she exclaimed.

"At least, I think it is," I went on, "though we haven't any proofs beyond the fact that Fyles has always been a family name with us back to the Colonial days. I'm named Fyles myself—Fyles ffrench—and we, like the Castle people, have managed to retain our little f throughout the ages."

She looked so incredulous that I handed her my card.

MR. FYLES FFRENCH

Knickerbocker Club The Carmichael
59th Street and Fifth Avenue

She turned it over in her fingers, regarding me at the same time with flattering curiosity.

"How do you do, kinsman!" she said, holding out her hand. "Welcome to old England!"

I took her little hand and pressed it.

"I am the daughter of the house," she explained, "and I'm named Fyles, too, though they usually call me Verna."

"And the little f, of course," I said.

"Just like yours," she returned. "There may be some capital F's in the family, but we wouldn't acknowledge them!"

"What a fellow-feeling that gives one," I said. "At school, at college, in business, in the war with Spain when I served on the Dixie, my life has been one long struggle to preserve that little f against a capital F world. I remember saying that to a chum the day we sank Cervera. 'If I am killed, Bill,' I said, 'see that they don't capital F me on the scroll of fame!'"

"A true ffrench!" exclaimed Beauty with approval.

"As true as yourself," I said.

"Do you know that I'm the last of them?" she said.

"You!" I exclaimed. "The last!"

"Yes," she said; "when my father dies the estates will pass to my second cousin, Lord George Willoughby, and our branch of the family will become extinct."

"You fill me with despair," I said.

"My father never can forgive me for being a girl," she said.

"I can," I remarked, "even at the risk of appearing disloyal to the race."

"Fyles," she said, addressing me straight out by my first name, and with a little air that told me plainly I had made good my footing in the fold—"Fyles, what a pity you aren't the rightful heir, come from overseas with parchments and parish registers to make good your claim before the House of Lords."

"Wouldn't that be rather hard on you?" I asked.

"I'd rather give up everything than see the old place pass to strangers," she said.

"But I'm a stranger," I said.

"You're Fyles ffrench," she exclaimed, "and a man, and you'd hand the old name down and keep the estates together."

"And guard the little f with the last drop of my blood," I said.

"Ah, well," she said with a little sigh, "the world's a disappointing place at best, and I suppose it serves us right for centuries of conceit about ourselves."

"That, at least, will never die," I observed. "The American branch will see to that."

"It's a pity, though, isn't it?" she said.

"Well," I said, "when a family has been carrying so much dog for a thousand years, I suppose in common fairness it's time to give way for another."

"What is 'carrying dog'?" she said.

"It's American," I returned, "for thinking yourself better than anybody else!"

"Fancy!" she said, and then with a beautiful smile she took my hand and rubbed it against the hound's muzzle.

"You mustn't growl at him, Olaff," she said. "He's a ffrench; he's one of us; and he has come from over the sea to make friends."

"You can't turn me out of the park after that," I said, in spite of a very dubious lick from the noble animal, who possibly, because he couldn't read and hadn't seen my card, was still a prey to suspicion.

"I am going to take you back to the castle myself," she said, "and we'll spend the day going all over it, and I shall introduce you to my father—Sir Fyles—when he returns at five from Ascot."

"I could ask for nothing better," I said, "though I don't want to make myself a burden to you. And then," I went on, a little uncertain how best to express myself, "you are so queer in England about—about——"

"Proprieties," she said, giving the word which I hesitated to use. "Oh, yes, I suppose I oughtn't to; and there'll be lunch, too, Fyles, which makes it twice as bad. But to-day I'm going to be American and do just what I like."

"I thought I ought to mention it," I said.

"Objection overruled," she returned; "that's what they used to say in court when my father had his famous right-of-way case with Lord Piffle, of Doom; and from what I remember there didn't seem any repartee to it."

"There certainly isn't one from me," I said.

"Let's go," she said.

There didn't seem any end to that park, and we walked and walked and rested once or twice under the deep shade, and took in a mouldy pavillion in white marble with broken windows, and a Temple of Love that dated back to the sixteenth century, and rowed on an ornamental water in a real gondola that leaked like sixty, and landed on a rushy island where there was a sun-dial and a stone seat that the Druids or somebody had considerately placed there in the year one, and talked, of course, and grew confidential, until finally I was calling her Verna (which was her pet name) and telling her how the other fellow had married my best girl, while she spoke most beautifully and sensibly about love, and the way the old families were dying out because they had set greater store on their lands than on their hearts—and altogether, with what she said and what I said, and what was left unsaid, we passed from acquaintance to friendship, and from friendship to the verge of something even nearer. Even the Uncle Tom hound fell under the spell of our new-found intimacy and condescended to lick my hand of his own volition,

AND TELLING HER HOW THE OTHER FELLOW HAD MARRIED MY BEST GIRL

which Verna said he had never done before except to the butcher, and winked a bloodshot eye when I remarked he was too big for the island and ought to go back with me to a country nearer his size.

By the time we had reached the cliffs and began to perceive the high gray walls of the castle in the distance, Verna and I were faster friends than ever, and any one seeing us together would have thought we had known each other all our lives.

The castle itself was a tremendous old pile, built on a rocky peninsula and surrounded on three sides by the waters of Appledore Harbor. It lay so as to face the entrance, which Verna told me was commanded—or rather had been in years past—by the guns of a half-moon battery that stood planted on a sort of third-story terrace. It was all towers and donjons and ramparts, and might, in its mediæval perfection, have been taken bodily out of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Verna and I had luncheon together in a perfectly gorgeous old hall, with beams and carved paneling and antlers, and a fireplace you could have roasted an ox in, and rows of glistening suits of armor which the original ffrenches had worn when they had first started the family in life—and all this, if you please, tête-à-tête with a woman who seemed to get more beautiful every minute I gazed at her.

Our coffee we took together in a window-seat overlooking the harbor and the ships, and she asked me a lot of questions about the war with Spain and my service on the Dixie. She never moved a muscle when it came out I had been a quartermaster, though I could feel she was astounded at my being but a shade above a common seaman, and not, as she had taken it for granted, a commissioned officer. I was too proud to explain overmuch, or to tell her I had gone in, as so many of my friends had done, from a strong sense of duty and patriotism at the time of my country's need, and consequently allowed her to get a very wrong idea, I suppose, about my state in life and position in the world. Indeed, I was just childish enough to get a trifle wounded and let her add misconception to misconception out of a silly obstinacy.

"But what do you do," she said, "now that the war is over and you've taken away everything from the poor Spaniards and left the Navy?"

"Work," I said.

"What kind of work?" she asked.

"Oh, in an office," I said. (I didn't tell her I was the Third Vice-President of the Consolidated Copper Company, with a twenty-story building on Lower Broadway. Wild horses couldn't have wrung it out of me then.)

"You're too nice for an office," she said, looking at me so sweetly and sadly. "You ought to be a gentleman!"

"Oh, dear," I exclaimed, "I hope I am that even if I do grub along in an office." I wish my partners could have heard me say that. I, with a private elevator of my own and a squash-court on the roof!

"Of course, I don't mean that," she went on quickly, "but like us, I mean, with a castle and a place in society——"

"I have a sort of little picayune place in New York," I interrupted. "I don't sleep in the office, you know. At night I go out and see my friends, and sometimes they invite me to dinner."

She looked at me more sadly than ever. I don't believe humor was Verna's strong suit, anyway—not American humor, at least—for she not only believed what I said, but more too.

"I must speak to Papa about you," she said.

"What will he do?" I asked, I fear, not overgraciously.

"Oh, help you along, you know," she said; "ffrenches always stand together; it's a family trait, though it's dying out now for lack of ffrenches. You know our family motto?" she went on.

"I'm afraid I don't," I said.

"ffrenches first!" she returned.

I had to laugh.

"We've lived up to it in America," I said.

"Papa is quite a power in the city," she said. (I wondered what the dickens the city was and whether she meant the village of Forty Fyles.)

"I thought he was a gentleman," I replied.

"Everybody dabbles in business nowadays," she returned, not perceiving the innuendo. "I am sure Papa ought to know all about it from the amount of money he has lost."

"Perhaps it was a case of ffrenches last!" I said.

"Still, he knows all the influential people," she continued, "and it would be so easy for him to get you a position over here."

"That would be charming," I said.

"And then I might see you occasionally," she said with such a little ring of kindness in her voice that for a minute I felt like a perfect brute for deceiving her. "You could run down here from Saturday to Monday, you know, and on Bank Holidays; and in the season you would have the entrée to our London house and the chance of meeting nice people!"

"How jolly," I said.

"I can't bear you to go back to America," she said. "Now that I've found you I'm going to keep you."

"I hate the thought of going back myself," I said, and so I did—at the thought of leaving that angel!

"Then, you know," she went on, somewhat shyly and hesitatingly, "you have such good manners and such a good air, and you're so——"

"Don't mind saying handsome," I remarked.

"You really are very nice-looking," she said with a seriousness that made me acutely uncomfortable, "and what with our friendship and our house open to you and the people you could invite down here, because I know Papa is going to go out of his mind about you—he and I are always crazy about the same people, you know—not to speak of the little f, there is no reason, Fyles, why, in the end, you shouldn't marry an awfully rich girl and set up for yourself!"

"Thank you," I said, "but if it's all the same to you I don't think I'd care to."

"I know awfully rich girls who are pretty, too," she said, as though forestalling an objection.

"I do, too," I said, looking at her so earnestly that she colored up to the eyes.

"Oh, I am poor," she said. "It's all we can do to keep the place up. Besides—besides——" And then she

stopped and looked out of the window. I saw I had been a fool to be so personal, and I was soon punished for my presumption, for she rose to her feet and said in an altered voice that she would now show me the castle.

As I said before, it was a tremendous old place. It was a regular dive into the last five hundred years, and the fact that it wasn't a museum nor exploited by a singsong cicerone helped to make it for me a memorable and really thrilling experience. I conjured up my forebears and could see them playing as children, growing to manhood, passing into old age and finally dying in the shadow of those same massive walls. Verna said I was quite pale when we emerged at last into the open air on the summit of the high, square tower; and no wonder that I was, for in a kind of way I had been deeply impressed, and it seemed a solemn thing that I, like her, should be a child of this castle, with roots deep cast in far-off ages.

"Wouldn't it be horrible," I said, "if I found out I wasn't a ffrench at all—but had really sprung from a low-down, capital F family in the next county or somewhere!"

"Oh, but you are a real ffrench," said Verna.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I can feel it," she said. "I never felt that kind of sensation before toward anybody except my father!"

I hardly knew whether to be pleased or not. And besides, it didn't seem to me conclusive.

Then she touched a button (for the castle was thoroughly wired and there was even a miniature telephone system) and servants brought us up afternoon tea, and a couple of chairs to sit on, and a folding-table set out with flowers, and the best toast and the best tea and the best strawberry jam and the best chocolate cake and the best butter that I had as yet tasted in the whole island. The view itself was good enough to eat, for we were high above everything and saw the harbor and the country stretched out on all sides like a map.

"This is where I come for my day-dreams," said Verna. "I usually have it all to myself, for people hate the stairs so much and the ladies twitter about the dust and the cobwebs and the shakiness of the last ladder, and the silly things get dizzy and have to be held."

"You don't seem to be afraid," I said.

"This has been my favorite spot all my life," she returned. "I can remember Papa holding me up when I wasn't five years old and telling me about the Lady Grizzle that threw herself off the parapet rather than marry somebody she had to and wouldn't!"

"Tell me about your day-dreams, Verna," I said.

"Just a girl's fancies," she returned smiling. "I dare say men have them, too. Fairy princes, you know, and what he'd say and what I'd say, and how much I'd love him and how much he'd love me!"

"I can understand the last part of it," I observed.

"You are really very nice," she returned, "and when Papa has got you that place in the city I am going to allow you to come up here and dream, too. And you'll tell me about the Sleeping Beauty and I'll unbosom myself about the Beast, and we'll exchange heartaches and be, oh, so happy together."

"I am that now," I said.

"You're awfully easily pleased, Fyles," she said. "Most of the men I know I have to rack my head to entertain; talk exploring, you know, to the explorer, and horses to Derby winners, and what it feels like to be shot to soldiers—but you entertain me, and that is so much pleasanter."

"I wish I dared ask you some questions," I said.

"Oh, but you mustn't," she broke out with a quick intuition of what I meant.

"Why mustn't?" I asked.

"Oh, because—because——" she returned. "I shouldn't like to fib to you, and I shouldn't like to tell you the truth—and it would make me feel hot and uncomfortable——"

"What would?" I asked.

"You see, if I really cared for him it would be different," she said. "But I don't—and that's all."

"Lady Grizzle over again?" I ventured.

"Not altogether," she said. "You see, she was perfectly mad about somebody else—which really was hard lines for her, poor thing—while I——"

"Oh, please go on," I said as she hesitated.

"Fyles," she said with the ghost of a sigh, "this isn't day-dreaming at all, and I'm going to give you another cup of tea and change the subject."

"What would you prefer, then?" I asked. "No; no more chocolate cake, thank you."

"Let's have a fairy story all of our own," she said.

"Well, you begin," I said.

"Once upon a time," she began, "there was a poor young man in New York—an American, though of course he couldn't help that—and he came over to England and discovered the home of his ancestors, and he liked them, and they liked him—ever so much, you know—and he found that the old place was destined to pass to strangers, and so he worked and worked in a dark old office and stayed up at night working some more, and never accepted any invitations or took a holiday except at week-ends to the family castle—until finally he amassed an immense fortune. Then he got into a fairy chariot together with a bag of gold and the family lawyer and ordered the coachman to drive him to Lord George Willoughby's, in Curzon Street. Then they sent out in hot haste for Sir George's son, an awfully fast young man in the Guards, and the family lawyer haggled and haggled, and Lord George hemmed and hawed, and the Guardsman's eyes sparkled with greed at the sight of the bag of gold, and finally for two hundred thousand pounds (Papa says he often thinks he could pull it off for a hundred and ten thousand) the entail was broken and everybody signed his name to the papers, and the poor young man bought the succession of Fyles and came down here regardless of expense in a splendid gilt special train, and was received with open arms by his kinsmen at the castle."

"I like the open arms!" I said.

"He was nearly hugged to death," said Verna, "for they were so pleased the old name was not to die out and be forgotten. And then the poor young man married a ravishing beauty and had troops of sunny-haired children, and the daughter of the castle (who by this time was an old maid and quite plain, though everybody said she had a heart like hidden treasure) devoted herself to the little darlings and taught them music-lessons and manners, and how to spell their names with a little f, and as a great treat would sometimes bring them up here and tell them how she had first met the poor young man in the 'diamond mornings of long ago!'"

"That's a good fairy story," I said, "but you are all out about the end!"

"You said you liked it," she protested.

"Yes, where they hugged the poor young man," I returned, "but after that, Verna, it went off the track altogether."

"Perhaps you'll put it back again," she said.

"I want to correct all that about the daughter of the castle," I said. "She never became an old maid at all, for of course the poor young man loved her to distraction and married her right off, and they lived happily together ever afterward!"

"I believe that is nicer," she said thoughtfully, as though considering the matter.

"Truer, too," I said, "because really the poor young man adored her from the first minute of their meeting!"

"I wonder how long it will take him to make his fortune," she said, which under the circumstances struck me as cruel.

"Possibly he has made it already," I said. "How do you know he hasn't?"

"By his looks, for one thing," she said, regarding the machine-oil that was on my cuff out of the corner of her eye. "Besides, he hasn't any of the arrogance of a *parvenu* and is much too——"

"Too what?" I asked.

"Well bred," she replied simply.

"No doubt that's the ffrench in him," I said, which I think was a rather neat return.

She didn't answer, but looked absently across to the harbor's mouth.

"I believe there is a steamer coming in," she said. "Yes, a steamer."

"A yacht, I think," I said, for sure enough it was Babcock, true to the minute, heading the Tallahassee straight in. I could have given him a hundred dollars on the spot, I was so delighted, for he couldn't have timed it better nor at a moment when it could have pleased me more. She ran in under easy steam, making a splendid appearance with her raking masts and razor bow, under which the water spurted on either side like divided silver. Except a beautiful woman, I don't know that there's a sweeter sight than a powerful, sea-going steam yacht, with the sun glinting on her bright brasswork and a uniformed crew jumping to the sound of the boatswain's whistle.

"The poor young man's ship's come home," I said.

"It must be Lady Gaunt's Sapphire," said Verna.

"With the American colors astern?" I said.

"Why, how strange!" she said; "it really is American. And then I believe it's larger than the Sapphire!"

"Fifteen hundred and four tons register," I said.

"How do you know that?" she demanded with a shade of surprise in her voice.

"Because, my dear, it's mine!" I said.

"Yours!" she cried out in astonishment.

"If you doubt me," I said, "I shall tell you what she is going to do next. She is about to steam in here and lower a boat to take me aboard."

"She's heading for Dartmouth," said Verna incredulously, and the words were hardly out of her pretty mouth when Babcock swung round and pointed the Tallahassee's nose straight at us.

(*Concluded on Page 10*)

THE MILLIONAIRES

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

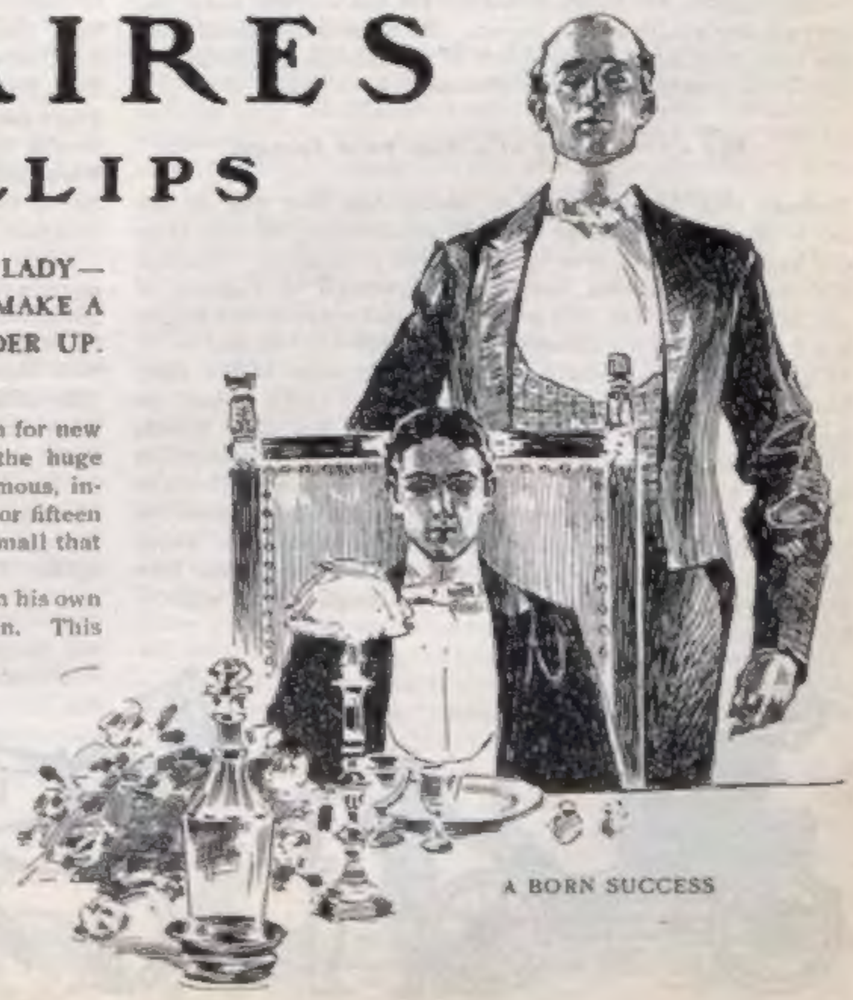
MR. BORN SUCCESS, MR. CLIMBER AND HIS LADY—THEIR CAREERS. WHAT IT COSTS THEM TO MAKE A "DECENT START" IN LIFE. THE LONG LADDER UP.

THE typical young men of this extravagant New York, the New York of Wall Street and Fifth Avenue, the New York created by the luxurious multi-millionaire, fall into two classes: the born successes, sons or heirs of rich men; the candidates for success. It is hardly necessary to say that in this connection success always means the accumulation of riches enough to enable one to make a stir even among the very rich.

If the young man is a born success, all that is left for him to achieve is to devise some plan for making the stir—the simplest way being to marry a woman with a talent for doing original and striking things. No matter how great his income, if he is not to suffer the fate of being an obscure follower, a merely rich person, suspected of stinginess, stupidity and vulgarity to boot, he must do something out of the ordinary—assemble an astonishing establishment, have the finest pictures, give the finest dances and dinners, run the fastest horses or the most demoniac automobile, give large sums on some original plan to education or philanthropy.

The most surprising and important fact about these born successes—the fact that sharply differentiates them from the men of foreign fashionable society—is their knowledge of and attention to business. They think and talk business as if they had the foundation of their wealth still to lay. The reason for this is chiefly that, in this age when all goes to the man with brains and experience, they dare not neglect business, must incessantly watch their investments, and watch for new opportunities for reinvestment. The incentive is the huge fortunes that reward commercial skill—those enormous, incredible accumulations which make fortunes of ten or fifteen millions, incomes of a million or so a year, look so small that day-laborers in New York speak lightly of them.

The chances are that the born success will marry in his own set—that is, the daughter or heiress of some rich man. This will be due not so much to deliberation on his part or on the young woman's part as to the fact that neither is likely to know well many young people who are not rich or of the rich. If he is the eldest son, the probabilities, the increasing probabilities, are that he will inherit the bulk of the fortune, no matter how many brothers and sisters he may have. Some one in the next generation must maintain the family's magnificence. Naturally, therefore, an unwritten law of primogeniture is rapidly growing in force and effect.



A BORN SUCCESS

And this custom, combined with the rapidity with which great wealth piles up in America for him who has great commercial skill, insures to New York a future of evermore dazzling splendor, of luxury and extravagance.

The Young Man with Brains to Sell

The young man who is not a born success, but is determined to achieve a New York success, looks about him for the road that leads to palaces, equipages, yachts, all that gives one title to a seat at the table of honor at this banquet of extravagant luxury. He sees at once that to become a multi-millionaire he must use his brains to force or cajole the multi-millionaires to make him one of them. He must pattern after those who are far on the way to achieving his kind of success: this corporation lawyer, earning his hundred thousand or more a year as the legal servant of rich men; that railway president with his fifty thousand a year and perquisites, earned as the commercial servant of rich men; that manager getting a salary of a hundred and twenty-five thousand as a seeker of safe investments for surplus millions of income—again, a servant of rich men; that bank president with salary and opportunities together netting him upward of two hundred thousand a year—again, a servant of the rich; that broker who put by half a million last year as a result of his assiduity and skill in the service of rich operators; that doctor who made seventy-five thousand in fees and two hundred thousand in Wall Street last year on "tips" from grateful patients—again, the rewards of valuable service to the rich.

Our young candidate for success has brains to sell; he wants customers with money. He hopes ultimately to sell these brains at a very high price; he wants customers with lots of money, millions of money, in which he may presently share largely. He must ingratiate himself with the rich, must go where they are to be found, not only in business hours but also in the hours of relaxation. He must not only work hard; he must also play hard and high—must lead the life of the rich as far as possible. His air, his dress, his style of living, all must be such that he will be regarded as prosperous and progressive. To drudge and to economize and to keep away from the extravagant down town and up will mean a small success, or at best one that will not lead to the lofty height of fashion and social position upon which he has fixed his eyes.

He may have a streak of incurable folly in him. His effort to be a "man of the world" may draw him from discreet dissipation into that vortex wherein New York rids itself of all its weaklings who are not secured by great wealth; but let us suppose that he is not a weakling and that he keeps clearly in mind that at the basis of all New York successes lies clear-headed, incessant industry. He works steadily at his business, commercial or professional; he shows capacity and is advanced; he is soon getting four or five thousand a year. At the same time he has prospered in what may be called the uptown end of his business; he has made acquaintances among the rich socially; several women of importance are interested in him, are telling their husbands and their husbands' friends that he has brains, and the men are seeing that the women are not mistaken.

In any other American city our young man would now be regarded as a person of some consequence. In New York he has merely reached the point at which he can, if he is sagacious, measure his insignificance. He has worked hard, but the real day's toil has only begun. He has raised himself from the class that includes hundreds of thousands; but he is still in a class that includes tens of thousands.

The Uptown End of a New York Success

Perhaps this discourages him, makes him feel that he can never attain the Paradise of multi-millionaires, or that, if he did attain it, he would be too exhausted to enjoy it. Perhaps his dream of success has been interrupted by a dream of sentiment. He may decide to marry and to settle down—he has found New York drearily cold and lonely. In that event he gives up his bachelor apartments in the edge of the fashionable district; he is seen no more at his club; indeed, he has resigned from it; he is forgotten by his rich friends uptown; he and his wife live obscurely in a flat or apartment hotel far from the world of fashion, or in a cottage down in the country—a commuter's cottage, as unlike as possible the multi-millionaire's cottage of marble or limestone of which he had once dreamed. And as he is no longer of the New York with which we are concerned he drops out of sight—for the present.

But, on the other hand, perhaps his discovery of his insignificance does not discourage him, but only serves to rouse him to greater efforts. His close inspection of the palaces and performances of the fashionable and extravagant rich has fired his imagination and his energy. In that case he does not marry. "I am too poor," he says, as he looks at his paltry income of five thousand a year and thinks on the humble *ménage* it would maintain, and remembers that his poorest married acquaintances up in the Fifth Avenue district have fifteen thousand a year and can't afford to entertain or to keep a carriage, and are always fretting about money. He considers what a "decent" hat or dress for a woman costs, and—well, his tailor's bill was seven hundred dollars last year and he has almost no clothes. He remembers his bills for the few very small and very modest dinners he gave—a week's earnings gone in a few minutes and the dinner a poor affair beside the poorest he has had at the houses of his rich acquaintances. To console himself for his heroic sacrifice of sentiment to ambition he takes a somewhat better apartment for his bachelor self in a more fashionable apartment house—his rent is twelve hundred a year. He works hard downtown; he continues to work hard uptown. He works as cleverly in the one quarter as in the other. He is always seen with rich people; he belongs to fashionable clubs; he dines in palaces; he goes for Saturday-to-Monday visits at great, extravagantly maintained country houses; he is seen in boxes at the opera, at the horse show; he expands his tastes and expenditures with his rapidly expanding income. His "fixed charges" are now fifteen thousand a year—very moderate for a man of his associations:

Apartment, near Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street,	$3000
Servants, horses, traps,	5000
Clothes, clubs, etc.,	2500
Food, drink, small sundries,	4500
	$15,000

In addition to these absolute necessities he spends about fifteen thousand more upon presents and entertaining. Half a dozen men living in the apartment house he lives in spend twice as much as he does and do not consider themselves, and are not considered, either extravagant or dissipated.

What it Costs to Make a "Decent Start" in Life

He is making a great deal of money, but he feels—and is—poor. However, he is sustained and soothed by the certainty of riches immediately ahead. He has been spending, but it has been in the nature of an investment—a most judicious investment from the standpoint of his purposes. And presently his cleverness and audacity and "large ideas" have their reward; and then he marries. She has tastes which are exactly his. She is willing to marry him, as she has not made the success she and her mother dreamed of and strove for. She has some money—their joint income, while not imposing as big New York incomes go, is still large enough to enable them to make a "decent start in life," as their "set" interprets life.

Presently we find them installed in a "small" house or "little" apartment—the rent is more than ten thousand a year—and they have twelve servants. His skill as a money-maker is talked about; her dresses are admired and envied; their equipages, their surroundings, their dinners are models of luxurious good taste; as both are shrewd managers their forty thousand a year enables them to seem to be spending at least twice that amount. They are in the high road of New York happiness, and are creditably charioted. And, as the years pass, their increasing wealth rolls up on itself as large wealth has the habit of doing. They annually tour the New York multi-millionaire circuit in great state—New York, North Carolina, Hempstead or the Hudson, London, Paris, Newport, Lenox, New York again. They have children.

No healthier, rosier, more intelligent children can be found anywhere than theirs. They have the best care that competent nurses and governesses can give. They live by the clock, are fed the most expensive and at the same time the most sensible food. They are dressed in a manner that makes plain mothers and plain children blink and stare. There are only two of them and the elder is only seven, but their clothing bill last year was fourteen hundred. It will be less, much less, as they get older, for it is not good form to dress boys and girls extravagantly—at least, not yet. They speak French and German as fluently as they speak English, and far more correctly. They have everything for mind and body—except the direct, constant care of their mother. They have everything—that money can buy.

Let us go back to the cross-roads and take a candidate for success who, when he achieved his modest five thousand a year, married and went to the West Side, there to live in a flat or small suite in an apartment hotel of the kind that would have been called luxurious a dozen years ago, but is now third-class. Let us assume that his wife, whether she came from out of town or from New York, is the typical New York woman of extravagant ideas—is, like her husband, wealth-crazy and luxury-crazy and society-mad.

A Day with Mr. and Mrs. Climber

In all probability they will have no children. Children are not popular among the extravagant in New York—dogs are less expensive, less troublesome, fully as affectionate and far more fashionable. The extravagant rich still tolerate children, possibly because of a quaint, made-in-England theory that aristocratic families should maintain the "family line." But "climbers" cannot afford the necessary time and money.

It was Swift—was it not?—who first called attention to the fact that the attitude in climbing and in crawling is the same.

Our young climber is busy all day downtown—busy making money. His wife is busy uptown—busy spending the money he makes, or as much of it as she can threaten or wheedle away from him. She falls into a set of young married women with husbands and tastes like hers. They, like their husbands, think only of wealth and extravagance. And while they wait for their dreams to come true they invest every cent they can lay their hands upon in an imitative vain show.

Our young man's wife reads the fashionable intelligence with her coffee. She presently goes forth as fashionably dressed as if their income were three or four times what it is. She walks in fashionable streets or sits in some fashionable restaurant, there to view and study and envy the fashionable women she has read about. She "shops" in the fashionable millinery and dressmaking establishments—not to buy but to steal hints for the use of her own cheaper milliner and dressmaker in getting together her imitation costumes. She strives to model her person, her dress, her walk, her conduct, her conversation upon the conception of what is fashionable in the multi-millionaire's set.

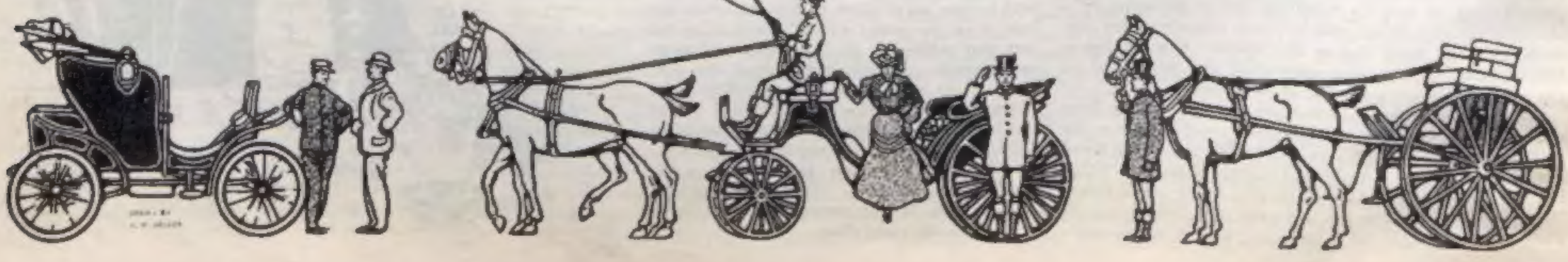
As our young man has the genius for money-getting he gradually becomes rich. As his wealth grows he and his wife drop the "friends" of less income, gather about them "friends" of their own fortune, and reach out for "friends" who have fortunes greater than their own. And at last, perhaps by way of a season or two in London under the guidance of some impecunious woman of title, they arrive at the bliss of being able to make the New York annual circuit in good company all the way. And a crowd gapes at their palace doors and windows whenever they entertain.

These New York crowds that pause to gape whenever more than one carriage halts before a palace!

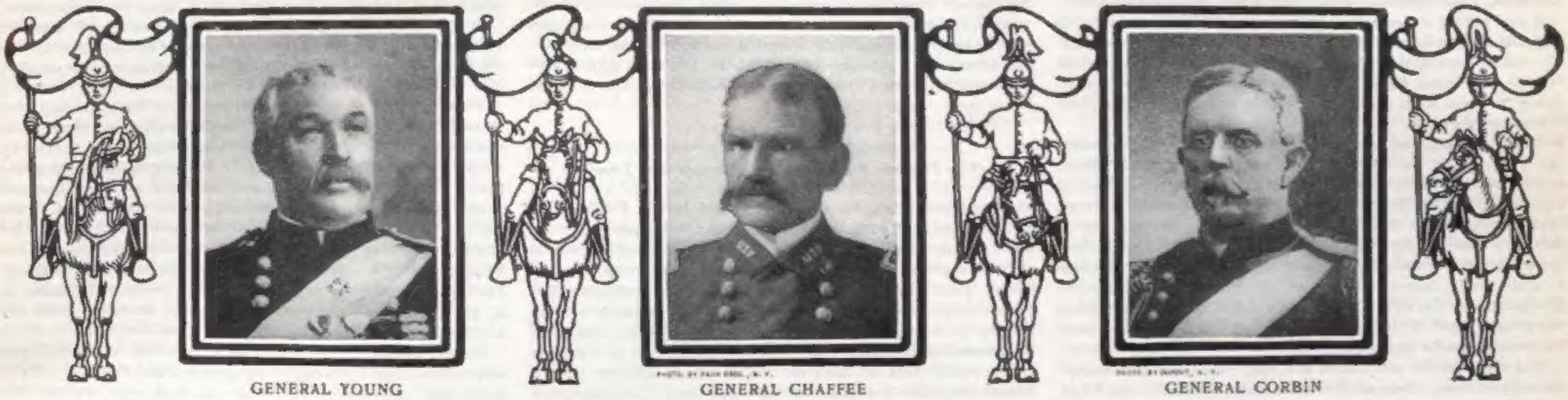
Fifteen years ago the most extravagant millionaire in New York—a great financier—spent upon his domestic establishment, everything included, eighty thousand a year. Very few of the people of his set spent half as much and the most of them spent less than twenty-five thousand. To-day, for the fashionable extravagant set, eighty thousand a year would not be far from the average of expenditure, taking rich and "poor" together. When that financier's family were the leaders the principal entertainments in fashionable society were modest affairs—though they were not then regarded as economical—and were given by association. To-day, every palace, of course, has its great dining-hall and its huge ball-room. And the very rich who have not palaces give their big entertainments individually in hotels and restaurants, hiring a large part of the building for the exclusive use of their guests and spending fifteen or twenty thousand or more—in a few instances, far more—upon each entertainment.

To-morrow——

In the dawn of the Twentieth Century—which bids fair to be known as America's century—New York blazes out, a world-capital. Into it are pouring wealth and luxury, pictures, statuary and works of art of all kinds and periods; jewels and collections of rarities. In it are rising miles on miles of palaces, wonderful parks and driveways. It has begun to be a City Splendid. It has already won a place in that line of world-capitals extending back and back through the ages to the mighty, nameless, forgotten cities of the Valley of the Euphrates. And New York begins where the others reached their climax.



MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR



GENERAL YOUNG GENERAL CHAFFEE GENERAL CORBIN

The New General Commanding—By A. MAURICE LOW

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL MILES, the Commanding-General of the army, will retire for age next August. Barring the unexpected his successor will be Major-General S. B. M. Young, now President of the War College, who in turn will be succeeded by Major-General Adna R. Chaffee, now Commander-in-Chief in the Philippines, but who has been ordered home to take command of the Department of the East with headquarters at Governor's Island. He in turn will be succeeded by Major-General Henry C. Corbin, the Adjutant-General of the army.

General Corbin is the senior Major-General and ordinarily would be selected as General Miles' successor, but in that case neither Young nor Chaffee could enjoy the coveted honor of commanding the army, for both retire before him. General Corbin generously waives his rights, not to stand in their way.

These three men—Corbin, Young, Chaffee—have lives worth the telling if only to show once more that in America a man can make of himself what he pleases. All three are the sons of poor men; all three have fought their way up to the top from the lowest round of the ladder by their own efforts unaided by fortune or influence; all three were denied the advantages of West Point; all three have the respect of every officer in the army who is a graduate of the Military Academy; all three have won by sheer pluck, by absolute loyalty, by hard work, by the determination to succeed.

The Man McKinley Leaned On

Exactly forty years ago a poor farmer's son in Southern Ohio was swept away by the wave of patriotism that submerged the country. President Lincoln had issued his second call for troops. It was no time for any man who was sound to hesitate. There was only one thing for men—for men and not for cravens—to do: to enlist. Henry C. Corbin, studying law in the summer and teaching school in the winter, hoping at some time to be a judge, dropped his books and enlisted as a private in a regiment of Ohio volunteer infantry.

His father was poor. He belonged to the "aristocracy of respectability," as Garfield termed it. The boy—he was only eighteen—had neither political nor social influence to push him forward. If he succeeded he must owe his success to his own unaided endeavors, to whatever ability he possessed, to having done well whatever he was required to do.

From enlisted man in the volunteers to Major-General in the regular army is a long stride, and yet if one traces General Corbin's life he will see that he climbed the ascent slowly and toilsomely step by step. For him there were no flying leaps to carry him over the stony places. Three years after he entered the service he was a Colonel in command of a regiment, and youngsters of those days were not placed in command of regiments by chance. Twice he was brevetted for gallantry in action.

When the war closed good soldiers were needed for the regular army. Young Corbin was offered a commission as Second Lieutenant. He accepted because, as he says, it was the thing at hand and it seemed the thing to do. That has always been his principle: to do the thing that is to be done.

Step by step once more he climbed that steep and difficult road to promotion. It was no primrose way for a subaltern. There was the hard life of the plains, the severe and dangerous life of an Indian fighter. For ten years he was a Captain of an infantry company continually engaged against hostile redskins. No place for a tin soldier. No place for a shirker or a sulker. Things had to be done, hardships had to be endured, death had to be faced. There were no great men interested in his future. He was simply a poor infantry Captain doing what he was told to do, and always doing it well.

When he was promoted to Major he was transferred from the line to the Adjutant-General's department. For nine years he was a Major, for seven years a Lieutenant-Colonel, for two years a Colonel. Then he had reached the head of his corps, and in 1898 was made Brigadier-General and Adjutant-General. He had taken part in every Indian campaign of note, and had conducted the campaign against the Moqui Indians of Arizona in 1891.

After more than thirty years of profound peace the nation was suddenly plunged into war. There were armies to be created; raw material to be moulded into soldiers; officers to be appointed; armies to be clothed and fed and transported over land and sea; a plan of campaign to be evolved. All that was done bore the impress of the new Adjutant-General's control and direction. President McKinley, relying on his judgment and military sagacity, consulted him on all questions of military policy. Not an order issued but passed through his hands; he was Chief-of-Staff as well as Adjutant-General.

A big man, six feet and over; a heavy man with broad shoulders but no paunch—hard, wiry and active; a man with blue eyes, the eyes that mean action and strength; the work he did during those critical months only he knows, and he makes light of it. Day after day before the first clerk arrived he was at his desk; night after night when the last clerk had left he was still there. It was no uncommon thing after a conference at the White House lasting well into the morning for him to return to the War Department to execute the plans agreed on at the conference, to sit at his desk writing or dictating orders and instructions for a couple of hours. Then, when tired clerks and stenographers were wearily seeking their homes with permission granted not to report for duty until a late hour the next day, Corbin would throw himself on a lounge in his office and get a few hours' sleep, often to be broken by having to send an answer to a telegram which admitted of no delay. In the morning early a hasty bath, a change of clothes, a quick breakfast, and he was ready for another eighteen hours. Men at that time called him hard and brusque, as if, forsooth, it was a time for the exquisite graces of a drawing-room, but one thing they never called him. No one questioned his ability. No one denied that he was the one man for the place.

"If we had not had an Adjutant-General with the strength of ten men, with a wonderful physique and extraordinary executive capacity, the whole system would have broken down absolutely." So Secretary Root told the Senate Committee on Military Affairs in describing General Corbin's work.

President McKinley knew, also. So sensible was he of General Corbin's services that he offered to make him a Major-General. But this General Corbin declined. He thought that the men behind the guns rather than the man behind the desk were entitled to the rewards, and he did not want it said that he had taken advantage of his position or that his close contact with the President had enabled him to gain his promotion—he would not stand in the way of any man who had won his right to promotion on the field. Congress, however, appreciated his eminent services and made him a Major-General as a slight reward for all that he had done. This promotion made him the ranking Major-General of the army.

Some people, especially those people who do not like General Corbin (and every man of force and character must have his enemies), have said that he is not qualified to command the army because he has had no military experience and is too much of a desk man. They forget his record. If four years' service in the field in one of the greatest conflicts of modern times, and more than twenty years' active service on the frontier constantly engaged in warfare with the Indians, does not constitute an active military record, then it would be hard to conceive how or where a man can acquire his military education. With the exception of service in Cuba and the Philippines General Corbin has seen as much of war in all its varied phases as any man in the army.

A Record of Continuous Courage

"If my trip to Cuba was worth nothing else, it paid in enabling me to know the man best fitted for the emergency."

It was Secretary Root who said this. It was of General Chaffee he spoke—Chaffee, the man who had been tested and never found wanting; who had proved his courage in the Civil War, who had faced death at the hands of Indians, whose buttons had been shot off his blouse in Cuba.

Go back some forty years. You find in Ohio a poor farmer who has a son. It was a time when boys thought more of war than of their chores or their books. Adna Chaffee, like Corbin and Young, was fired by the military fever. He enlisted in the regular army.

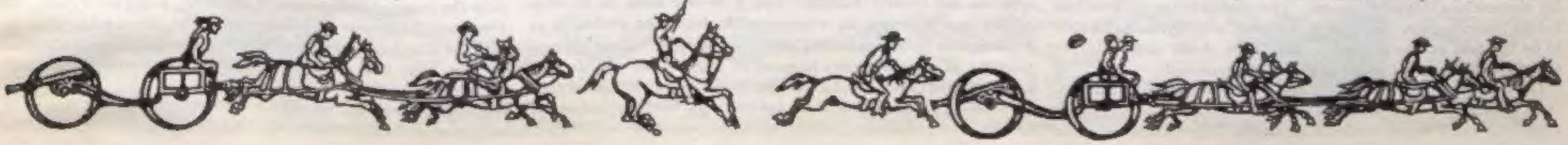
In 1861 he began life as a private soldier in the Sixth Cavalry. He was a lanky boy under eighteen. He had such education as a boy may have who has lived on a farm, who gets up at break of day, who works hard, who has his chores to do after his cattle have been driven home.

In less than eighteen months from entering the service he was wearing the chevrons of a First Sergeant. He was a model soldier. For distinguished conduct he was recommended for a Lieutenancy.

All through the war Chaffee displayed the same soldierly qualities, twice being brevetted for conspicuous gallantry, but not reaching his Captaincy until two years after the close of hostilities. He had meanwhile been ordered West, and for many years was engaged in that life-and-death struggle with the Indians—again twice brevetted for courage.

Chaffee became one of the best Indian fighters of his day. His reputation as a scout extended throughout the army. The stripling of the Rebellion had developed into a man with a big frame and a big head, a keen eye, an eye that was neither gray nor blue, but that was gray or blue as his mood was; a man with an expression that was almost habitually stern, and who yet carried in his big body the big heart of a tender woman; a man who was strict to the point of being a martinet when it was necessary to enforce discipline, but who never uselessly exerted his authority; a man who never permitted any slackness in his men, but whose first thought was always for the men under him, who looked out for them first and himself afterward; a man who when there was work to be done did it himself, because then he knew it would be well done. And in his spare moments, between fighting and drilling his men and doing the hundred other things that an army officer must do, he was studying, studying to be something more than a regimental commander, studying the art of war as written by the great masters in the pages of history.

Here is a story told by a brother officer that tells the kind of man he is. Once, when stationed at a post in Texas, he



found some of his men in a saloon being maltreated by a crowd of toughs. The soldiers were heavily outnumbered. Chaffee rushed in, seized a chair and laid about him like a Hercules. Left and right, up and down, swung that chair, and every time it described its arc a tough bit the dust. It was a short but beautiful scrap, says this officer enthusiastically, as he recalls that Homeric contest, and when the saloon had been cleaned out Chaffee ordered his men to the guard-house to have their conduct investigated and to be punished if they were guilty.

At the outbreak of the war with Spain, after thirty-seven years of active military service, after having faced death scores of times, he was still only a Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry. But his time had come. Men were needed, the very best men, and he could not be passed over. He was one of the very few Lieutenant-Colonels selected to be Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers. He accompanied General Shafter to Cuba and commanded one of the brigades of Lawton's Division. In the difficult operation at El Caney he controlled the greater part of the fighting and was awarded the credit for the successful outcome.

The war over, he went back to Cuba, once more in a subordinate position. General Brooke needed a Chief-of-Staff and asked for Chaffee. Would Chaffee go? There were other more desirable places. There were other places which would sooner lead to promotion. President McKinley wanted him to go to Cuba. That was enough for Chaffee.

He went to Cuba. There as elsewhere his strength, his force of character, his knowledge of men, his ability to do things successfully, won the admiration of every one who came in contact with him. It was there Secretary Root met him. He was impressed by this big, rugged, square-jawed man who said little but thought much. It was of him that Secretary Root after he returned said that "the men who do things are the men who concentrate; the men who fail are the men who scatter, and you can't drive Chaffee off into any side-tracks." And so he was selected for the command in China, and from there transferred to the Philippines as Commander-in-Chief.

A distinguished general officer on duty in the War Department sums up Chaffee's character in a few words. "Chaffee," said this officer, "mentally and physically, is the embodiment of intense strength, of marvelous endurance, of the highest personal courage, of dogged persistency, of the most decisive character, of indomitable will, of rare military intelligence. He is a true friend, a tireless enemy, an obedient, trustworthy soldier, with all of an Irishman's readiness for a row." "But I don't believe he has a drop of Irish blood in his body," was suggested.

"Probably not, but he ought to have."

The Indian Fighter Who Always Got There

Major-General Lawton, who was killed in the Philippines, said of General Young that he was a man "that arrives." In other words, that he "gets there," which may be slang, but is expressive. It is also descriptive and characterizes General Young to a nicety. "He is determined to do whatever has to be done," said an officer who has served under him. He generally does it. Like Corbin and Chaffee, the next Commanding-General entered the volunteer army as a private in the early days of the war, and at its conclusion was a Brevet Brigadier-General, having been four times brevetted for bravery.

The war over, he entered the regular army as a Second Lieutenant. Then for more than twenty years he had the usual experience that fell to officers of that day. He was sent to the plains to hunt Indians and to make as many of them as possible "good" by the simple process of filling them full of lead. For seventeen years he was a Captain leading his troop. It made of him "an out-of-doors soldier," to use a brother officer's expression—a soldier who slept with his boots on, who was learning the art of war in the very best and hardest school imaginable.

But the clock did not strike for General Young until Spain rushed to her fate in Cuba. A year before he had been commissioned Colonel of the Third Cavalry. At the outbreak of the war he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers and appointed to the Cavalry Brigade. He commanded at the battle of Las Guasimas, the baptism of blood, and was highly commended by General Wheeler for his cool, deliberate and skillful management. Finally, it was in Cuba that he became acquainted with President Roosevelt, then the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Rough Riders, and so impressed was the President with his soldierly qualities that he assigned him to the Presidency of the War College as a preliminary to making him Commanding-General of the army.

From Cuba he went to the Philippines. There he marched through country which the natives declared was impassable, but the old Indian fighter showed them that there was the way where was the man. His physical strength surprised every one. "He could outmarch and outwork every officer and man in his command," said a young officer who served on his staff. "At the end of a march of forty or fifty miles, when he had been continuously in the saddle under conditions of the hardest, he was apparently as fresh as when he started. During those days I never knew him to show irritation or to grumble, although there was enough to make even the sweetest-tempered man occasionally bless his luck."

A mere glance at General Young is sufficient to tell you why he can stand prolonged fatigue in a hot climate. He is a big man, an inch or two over six feet, who weighs two hundred pounds or more, whose every movement shows that his muscles are iron and that his flesh is hard. His head is large and sits on a solid neck. His face is smooth except for a brown-gray mustache. His light blue eyes are clear and penetrating with the lids half-covering them, as is the way of men who for many years keep their eyes fixed on an object; the eyes of the huntsman, the trapper, the sailor, who strains his vision through the darkness and the sleet, watching always for the unknown; but in the corner of those eyes is the slightest suspicion of a twinkle that tells you that General Young can tell a good story, if story-telling is the thing to be done.

If you want to know why General Young has succeeded you find it in his own terse words: "Opportunity doesn't go round with hooks attached to her skirts." He himself made his own opportunities and never waited for opportunity to come and drag him into fame.

BEGINNING IN THE RAILROAD BUSINESS

MR. JAMES T. HARAHAN

By J. T. HARAHAN

Second Vice-President and General Manager, Illinois Central Railroad Company

THE VERY PRACTICAL VALUE OF THEORY. HOW TO SUPPLEMENT IT WITH ACTUAL EXPERIENCE. WHERE YOU CAN GAIN EXPERIENCE OUTSIDE YOUR DEPARTMENT. A LIST OF SUGGESTIVE BOOKS

WITH few exceptions the men who have made great names in railroading blundered into the business. From this fact many jump to the conclusion that the only way to get into a successful railroad career is to stumble in.

Those who reason on this basis are prone to pride themselves on being very "practical," and they are inclined to scoff at the idea that a young man entering railroad life by deliberate and studied choice instead of by chance can come out on top in the end. This sort of logic takes no account of the great change that has come into all industrial life within the last few years; it ignores the fact that the things once accomplished by rude experiment, by brute force mixed with a bit of "practical" rule-of-thumb learning picked up on the road, are now done more easily and surely by the application of clearly defined principles, which those very experiments have helped to bring out and establish.

In everything I have attempted to write or say for the help of those who are trying to become sound railroad men I have placed strong emphasis on the fact that there is nothing in the world so practical as real science—for that deals with ascertained facts and demonstrated principles; it not only tells what things are true but why they are true, and it holds an exact and equal balance between theory and practice.

Consequently I am heartily of the opinion that in the future the men who achieve fame in the railroad world will not be found, like the pioneers in that field, to have entered it by accident, but by deliberate choice after careful consideration of their inclinations and abilities. By this I would not imply that many young men who now find themselves employed by a railroad company will not go to the front and make a place for themselves. Far from it! Thousands enter railroading for no better reason than that this form of employment chances to be the first or the best paid that offers at the moment. It stands to reason that some of these will succeed.

On the other hand, the proportion of this class who do succeed is much smaller than that of those who go into the business because it seems to them about the only business in the world. I will take my chances with the latter a hundred to one! The boy or young man who deliberately picks railroading for a career and is willing to prepare himself for it should feel assured of special consideration from those to whom he may apply for employment; this for the reason that he is entitled to it.

Those who are able to give themselves an elaborate course in a good technical school will scarcely need advice on the subjects of home study and self help. But there are thousands who feel a strong inclination for railroad work who cannot attend a technical institution and secure a thorough grounding in the science of civil and mechanical engineering, and who must make up for this deficiency by patient labor at home. Others have already secured work in railway offices and are reaching out to gain any knowledge that will serve to throw light upon their daily tasks and give them a grasp of the principles underlying and governing their labors, instead of being content to push blindly ahead by "rule-of-thumb."

In these two classes of boys and young men I feel a keen personal interest, having myself been compelled to forego the benefits of a technical schooling. It is to these that I would offer a few general suggestions from the basis of personal experience, along with a home reading course which cannot fail to be instructive and helpful. As very few young men who do not inherit millions and a family taste for railway affairs can take up, in a responsible way, the problems of financiering a railroad until after they have served an apprenticeship of several years in some of the various divisions of railroad operation, I shall dismiss the larger questions of railway finance and apply my observations to the problems of construction, operation, maintenance, traffic and accounting.

First of all, the young man who is ready to cast his lot in the railroad business should make up his mind that it will never be sufficient for him to know merely that which comes within the particular task on which he is engaged—that is, if he hopes to win even a slight degree of promotion. He may know every detail of his specific work; but if he does not reach out for a knowledge of the related branches he will surely be caught, some time, in an emergency which will prove fatal to his progress. And the certainty of this exigency increases in proportion as he ascends in the scale of responsibility.

Let me illustrate this by reference to the work of the train dispatcher, for example. Nominally his business is to issue the telegraphic orders by which trains are moved over the line. Specifically he is required to be a good telegraph operator, to know the road—that is, the grades, cuts, sidings and crossings of the division—and to keep a cool head. He may come up to all these requirements and yet, if he remains ignorant of the construction of a locomotive, he cannot do his work so well as if he were informed on the anatomy of the engine. Some day he is likely to receive the report of an accident to some part of the locomotive. If he knows the name of the disabled part and understands what function it performs he will readily grasp the significance of the mishap, and not only will be able to take his report more accurately but also to exercise an intelligent judgment that may save the company thousands of dollars. Many such emergencies have happened where the man who knew something he was not absolutely required to know proved himself the man for the hour and received his reward in merited advancement.

Broadly speaking, we divide railroading into the operating and the traffic departments. One runs the railroad and the

other gets the business which keeps the road running. Some might ask: "Why should a man who is supposed to tend to making rates and getting freight and passenger business master the principles of civil and mechanical engineering? Why should he learn about grades and bridges and curves? Why should he trouble himself with information about engines and about how they are made and operated, and the results to be secured from them with different kinds of fuel?"

If a man is going to remain a freight solicitor and never attempts to get higher than that in the traffic department, all this knowledge might not make a great difference to him, although it would necessarily have an appreciable effect on his value even in the humblest capacity. But let him step into a place where he is required to do a little thinking on his own responsibility, instead of having it all done for him, and then this knowledge of operating affairs is likely to make all the difference between competency and incompetency. I say likely, for a man with this special information might lack the good judgment, energy and general executive ability to make his knowledge of practical value. I would hardly grant, however, that a man knowing nothing of the first principles of railroad operation could be a sound and thoroughly equipped traffic official, no matter how excellent his natural gifts.

When it is remembered that the cost of hauling is determined by the grades, curves and cuts of the road; by the nature and availability of its fuel and by the character of its motive-power equipment, then it will be realized that the traffic man who cannot grasp these conditions and understand their causes and results must find himself sadly at sea in handling the fundamental problem of rates. And this kind of comparison may be almost indefinitely continued to show the interdependence of the various departments of a railroad, and the consequent necessity that any man who would lead in a given department must know something of the fundamentals upon which the others rest.

How to Learn by Observation

Young men of active rather than studious dispositions generally find it easier to learn by observation than by study; information imparted orally seems to make a readier and more lasting impression on them than that which they find in the printed page. For this reason I would advise every young railroad man to mix with the employees of other departments for the purpose of picking up information which will supplement his home reading. Especially in the larger railway offices, there is no lack of visiting between the employees of the various departments. But it is not idle social intercourse to which I refer. The boy who goes out to luncheon with an associate from another office may, if alert and observant, pick up at the lunch-counter more information about what is done in his chum's department and how it is accomplished than he could obtain in a month's reading. On the other hand, what he will not learn will be the scientific principles involved in the work. These he will find reduced to exact statements in reliable text-books. Take the two methods of acquiring knowledge, follow them consistently and simultaneously, and the one will supplement the other. The result of such a line of action will be sure progress and promotion.

Get acquainted with the men who hold similar or parallel positions in the employ of other companies. By doing this and exercising ordinary tact there is a certainty that sooner or later you will learn something of value from those who are working along similar lines.

It should also be remembered that no railroad employee, no matter how humble and seemingly insignificant the position he holds, can know too much about the road and the company from which he draws his pay and to which he looks for promotion. The charter of the company is a good place at which to begin. Read the text of the charter itself; then follow this up with the history of the road. Both of these are generally obtainable in the form of official documents. The young student should be careful to separate the actual history from the unsubstantiated opinions and charges put in print by the enemies of the company. This does not imply that he should ignore matters of this kind. On the contrary, he should give them careful heed—but in every case he should go back to records and determine for himself whether these verify or refute the hostile statements.

In so far as possible the ambitious young railroad employee should inform himself of the relations between the line with which he is identified and its allies and connections. Often information of this kind is of the greatest practical value. Just as he masters the plan of the general office and its subdivisions and dependencies so that he can follow the course which any item of business will take, in like manner he should grasp the ramifications of the whole railway system by which he is employed.

The Importance of Making Suggestions

Personally I have always held that, in a broad way, whatever concerns the railroad itself is the business of any man who works for that road. If an operating man, out on the line, sees some way in which traffic can be helped, he should be encouraged to make his observations known at headquarters. Although he may be a green brakeman his suggestion should receive serious attention from any official to whom it is made, because it is offered for the good of the road and the betterment of the service. I do not mean by this that a system of spying and tattling should be encouraged; but that anything calculated to improve the road or increase its business should be welcomed without regard to department lines or to red tape of any kind. More than once I have given substantial promotion to men for doing just this thing—for seeing and thinking outside of the beaten track of their daily routine. And I believe that other railroad officials are coming more and more to this attitude.

Every beginner in railroading who has a determination to get to the front should contrive to see something of practical constructive work. He should serve a time in the shops or join a surveying or a construction party. Each hour of such experience will be of almost inestimable value the moment he gets beyond a mere clerical position and assumes executive responsibility. It is difficult to tell another how to perform a task which you have never accomplished yourself, and there is no business in the world wherein direct first-hand experience is at so high a premium as in railroading. Consequently the beginner in any department should not be content to confine his experience to an office. Sooner or later he should indulge in as much shop or field work as he can get—or both if possible.

One word in regard to the particular traits which should be cultivated for success in railroading. Decision and exactness are preëminently railroad qualities. Constantly the safety of human life and the maintenance of place and position in the race of competition hang, in railroad operation, upon quick decisions and accurate calculations and statements. And this is the case in all ranks of the service, from switchman to president.

Regarding a course of home reading, it should be said that there may be many works of equal and perhaps superior merit to those which are here mentioned, but I name only those which I have personally found to be very helpful, or which other railroad officials of my acquaintance have commended as too important to be omitted from a railroad man's reading.

Books that Should be Read

No course of home study on the science of railroading could be adequately pursued, so it seems to me, without a certain bulky volume which is sometimes called the "Railroad Man's Bible." Its proper title, however, is: The Economic Theory of the Location of Railways: An analysis of the conditions controlling the laying out of railways to effect the most judicious expenditure of capital. It is written by Mr. Arthur Mellen Wellington, of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and published by John Wiley & Sons, New York. Though it is decidedly technical, and is essentially a reference book, many portions of it should be carefully read by the young student. A hint of its scope and purpose is afforded by this paragraph from its preface:

"The various problems of location, in fact, have been discussed or neglected by technical writers with an airy lightness which would convince an unskilled reader that they were either too simple or too unimportant, or too well understood, for careful analysis. And yet there is no field of professional labor in which a limited amount of modest incompetency at $150 per month can set so many picks and shovels and locomotives at work to no purpose whatever."

One of the ablest and most interesting contributions to the literature of railroading is Railroads: Their Origin and Problems, written by Charles Francis Adams, Jr., long an active railroad president and a scholar of the richest abilities. This was originally published in 1878 by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The respect which this volume should command is suggested by the estimate which President Hadley, of Yale, himself an authority on the same subject, places upon it in writing: "The brilliant book of C. F. Adams, Jr., stands almost alone."

Ranking close with this book, both in readableness and authority, is President Hadley's admirable treatise on Railroad Transportation: Its History and Its Laws (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1890).

This is a concise and scholarly volume of some 260 pages, the office of which is clearly indicated by the following extract from its preface:.

"This book deals with those questions of railroad history and management which have become matters of public concern. It aims to do two things: first, to present clearly the more important facts of American railroad business; second, to compare the railroad legislation of different countries, and the results achieved."

Though there is not a word in this book which the young student of railroad affairs can afford to skip, particular emphasis should be placed on the chapters regarding Railroad Ownership and Railroad Speculation, and also on those which deal with competition and combination, considering these subjects under the two heads of theory and practice. Also the chapter on State Railroad Management is decidedly entertaining and valuable.

Another readable little volume which should not be omitted from the list is called Elements of Railroading, published by the Railroad Gazette, of Chicago. Its author is Charles Paine. It was originally published in 1885, but no doubt there are more modern editions than this.

Although written as long since as 1880, Albert Fink's The Railroad Problem and Its Solution is too valuable and sound a work to be passed, and its conclusions are not so wholly out of joint with these modern times as might be imagined. Mr. Fink was long a commanding figure in traffic affairs and spoke from a ripe experience. The book was published by Russell Brothers, New York.

In this connection it should be mentioned that Henry Fink, a brother of Albert, is the author of a volume on Freight Rates which may be read to advantage.

Matthias N. Forney's Catechism of the Locomotive (Railroad Gazette, New York) is one of the most popular of all railroad books, having sold high into the thousands. Between its covers are about 600 pages of sound elemental matter about the locomotive—good, plain, meaty, technical information that should be read by every ambitious railroad man.

Other Books of High Value

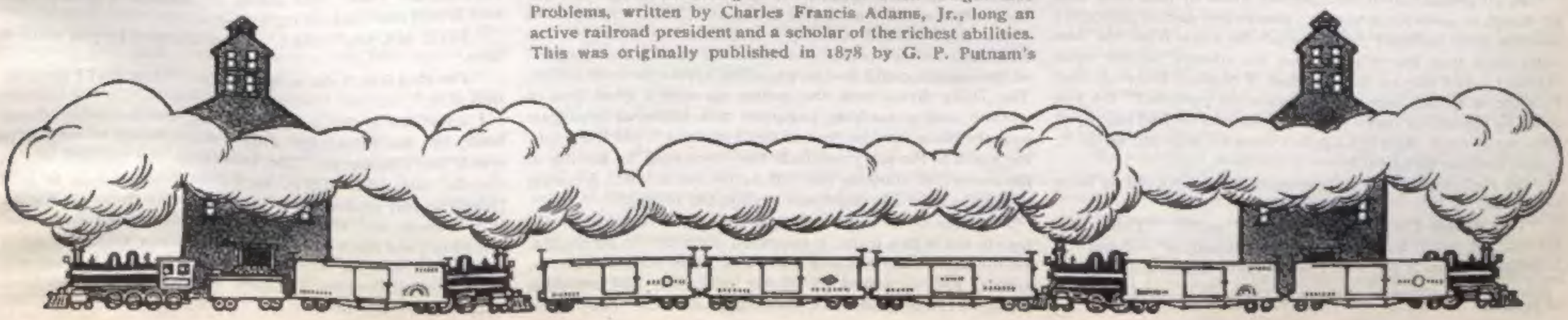
Another very practical work along similar lines, but not quite so technical, is Locomotive Engine Running and Management, by Angus Sinclair (John Wiley & Sons, New York).

One of the most valuable works on the important subject of bridges is Herman Haupt's technical treatise which bears the following elaborate title: General Theory of Bridge Construction: Demonstrations of the principles of the art and their application to practice; Furnishing the means of calculating the strains upon chords, ties, braces, counter-braces, and other parts of a bridge or frame of any description. This is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Railway Practice: Its Principles and Suggested Reforms Reviewed, by E. Porter Alexander (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is decidedly entertaining and well worth reading, although, perhaps, not quite so authoritative as some other works I have mentioned. It takes up the problems of pools, discriminations and kindred topics.

A thorough and interesting book of about 200 pages devoted to a vital subject is Safe Railway Working: a Treatise on Railway Accidents, Their Cause and Prevention (Crosby, Lockwood & Son, London, 1891). Though this is from an English viewpoint it is a careful work and cannot well be omitted from the young railroad employee's reading course.

In suggesting these particular volumes I should not be understood to indorse all the views and conclusions which they contain. My position is that they are well worthy of study, and that each student must exercise his individual judgment as to what views are to be accepted and what rejected.



THE COPPER KING

The Romance of a Trust

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER
Joint Author of Calumet "K"

CHAPTER X

OF COURSE it was folly to imagine that I was at the end of my rope; the battle of Bull Run was the beginning, not the end, of the war. But Stanley had won an important victory, and you may believe I watched anxiously to see how he would follow it up. If I had been in his position and he in mine, I was convinced I could have routed him, and that conviction made me feel pretty uncomfortable until it was fairly evident to me that he didn't see matters as I did.

It seems a truism, in these days of trusts and combines, to say that the thing for him to do was to make a perfectly "square" deal with the other mine owners, and so to convert them from neutrals into active allies, and then to weld this confederacy into a solid commercial empire; in short, to do just what I had been trying to do. But he didn't see his interests that way. He gave them just liberal enough rebate to save them a loss, to make it not worth their while at present to fight him. When I concluded that this was the case, my own prospects brightened up considerably.

For the present, however, I was still the under dog, and to get out of that situation as soon as possible, I set in motion, at about the same time, an attack along three independent lines. The main one was a flank movement; the second was a direct assault, about whose success I was quite indifferent, as it was only to attract attention and serve as a mask for the others; and the third was a shot in the dark, an arrow in the air, or, as the "Street" would say, a flyer.

When Lawrence came up to see me one afternoon he found closeted with me in my inner office a man of a class seldom successful in running the gauntlet of the guards I had set about my person, or rather upon my time—a book agent. Naturally there was nothing private about our conversation, so I had Lawrence come in and get the benefit of the story the man had to tell. And Lawrence, looking somewhat astonished, did as I bade him.

He was getting up a book about Red City and the vicinity, its history, its phenomenal progress, vast wealth, picturesque beauty, etc., and a feature of it was to be short biographies of the leading citizens. He was engaged at present not only in taking subscriptions, but in gathering materials for the work. He had called for and obtained some of the facts in my career, and intimated that he meant to visit Lawrence in the course of a few days.

"Well," growled Lawrence, when the agent had dispatched his business and taken his leave, "I don't understand that."

"What?" said I.

"How he ever got past Thompson (my chief clerk) in the first place, and, in the second, why you didn't throw him out when he began his story."

"Oh, he's worth hearing," said I. "You didn't hear all his story. What he said was true enough; he's after biographical details, but only concerning one man. He's getting together some interesting facts concerning our friend Reech."

"A detective, eh?" said Lawrence. "I wonder who wants to know about Reech."

"I do," said I. "I engaged Pendleton's agency to go into the matter for me and they sent this young man up here. He's no fool. He did get past Thompson, and he got in here, and he kept me listening to him for most five minutes before he told me what his business was. He did it for a sort of fancy exhibition, I suppose."

"What has put you on that scent?" Lawrence demanded.

"Nothing new; I've been doing a little thinking, that's all; some problems in addition and subtraction. Do you remember asking me once what I made of Stanley's putting Reech in the Vice-Presidency of the R. C. and T.? Now," I went on, "I'm going to ask you some questions, and we'll see where we bring up. To begin with, did Stanley do it out of pure benevolence?" Lawrence answered that with a grin.

"In all probability didn't Stanley know by that time that all Reech is good for is to talk; that in any sort of executive position he's useless? And doesn't he know from his own experience that Reech's services are always in the open market? And do you suppose that if Stanley knew all that he *wanted* to put him in a responsible position? Do you think he *wanted* to make it clear to me that he had tampered with my agent? And if he didn't want to, why did he do it, unless because he had to?"

"All right so far," said Lawrence, "but why did he have to?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out," said I. "This is my theory. If you'll look over that memorandum"—I handed it to him—"you'll see that I paid over to Reech while he was my agent a thundering pile of money. I believe it was enough to pay his expenses and buy the stock he has turned over to me, and also to buy a neat little chunk of that same stock not accounted for. Now suppose while he was buying up a lot for Stanley and a little for me he was also buying a little for himself; and suppose just before election he went to Stanley with that stock and convinced him that it was just enough to teeter the seesaw the other way; and suppose he asked for the Vice-Presidency; don't you suppose he would have got it? Well, if I can convert that theory into good black and white proof, I think it may be useful. And that's what our biographical friend is here for. I don't know how many men they've got on the job."

HE LOOKED AT ME SUSPICIOUSLY

I said I made three moves against the enemy. This one, against Reech, was the flyer. I hadn't very much hope of bagging him, but the chance was worth the powder, anyway.

You may remember that Lawrence had been urging me to bring suit against the railroad company for giving rebates to my competitors. I decided at last to take the matter up, and he and Dutton, another of the ablest lawyers in town, met one day in my office for the purpose of going over the matter.

There was a clause in our State constitution which might be construed liberally to cover just such a case as that, and both lawyers were in favor of beginning a suit under it immediately. I was, too, at first, but presently I thought of something better, which was to introduce in the legislature a bill directed specifically against rebates. When it became a law we could bring action under it.

"I'm afraid you're forgetting what party is in the majority in the legislature," said Dutton.

"On the contrary," said I, "that's just what I have in mind. I mean to take advantage of some of the free competition, anti-monopoly talk which that same majority has been indulging in lately. They can pass such a bill or they can defeat it, but they play into our hands either way."

The others saw the point at once, and we made a rough draft of the bill then and there. I sent for the minority leader of the lower house and showed the measure to him. He grinned when he saw it.

"It's a dynamite cartridge, sure enough, Mr. Drake," he said. "It shall be discharged beneath the ranks of the enemy without delay."

He kept his word, and the confusion into which he threw Stanley's "unbroken phalanx, standing undaunted, undismayed, for liberty, justice and free competition," was worthy of note. That was only one of many stirring phrases which my friend the minority leader quoted from the Argus and from political speeches made by members of the majority up and down the State, and he closed, with sublime impudence, by asking unanimous consent to advance the bill to its third reading and pass it directly.

They ought to have done it and to have found some way around the difficulty at a less dramatic moment, but instead they blundered and opposed, and showed altogether about as much tactical skill in the crisis as a flock of sheep. But all the confusion could not befog the issue. They had opposed—this high-minded majority—a measure so clearly in line with their avowed policy, that even the most silver-tongued of the leaders could find no plausible excuse for such action. The Daily News took the matter up with a good deal of warmth, and a scathing pamphlet was scattered broadcast over the State, and in the end the "phalanx" put the finishing touch to the sorry spectacle they presented by bowing to the storm and allowing the bill to become a law. A couple of months later I brought suit against the railroad.

Such was my direct attack upon Stanley. It was of advantage to me in two ways: it improved my situation politically, for the rout of the phalanx we did not soon permit to be forgotten, and it served to attract attention, and attention attracted to one quarter is diverted from another. But beyond that I didn't look for any substantial benefit from the statute I had brought into being. It was of a sort to be classed among the ornamental laws of a commonwealth. It looked well, but it could not prevent the giving of rebates; could only make the manner of giving them more troublesome and more circuitous. So you see that for all the immediate good my chance shot at Reech, or my legislative victory, did for me, I was still in the unpleasant and unprofitable position where Stanley's capture of the railroad had placed me. The appalling freight I had to pay was turning my profits into losses, and I must hit upon some device that should be prompt as well as effective.

What naturally would occur first to everybody, what first occurred to me, was the notion of building a parallel railroad all the way from Red City down to Bridgetown on the other side of the river from the R. C. and T., and fighting the battle out in the good old-fashioned way. But the more I thought of that the less I liked it. Such a road would cost a lot to build, there was no possibility that it could pay, and, last and worst, a move like that could never win the game; the best it could do would be to make a draw of it. So I discarded the idea of a parallel railroad, and cast about for something better.

I was a good while finding it. Night after night, when Barget had gone to bed, I would go down to my study, sweep my desk clear, and sit for hour after hour staring at its bare top and trying to think of a way to turn Stanley's flank. Schemes suggested themselves to me, and then some fatal fault would appear to destroy them. Once I got out a large map of the State, and spreading it upon the desk, spent half the night studying over it. There was too much on it for my purpose, so after that I used to make rough little maps, putting in the towns and rivers and railroads as it would occur to me that they might have some bearing on the situation; tearing up the map when I found it came to nothing, and beginning straightway with a fresh one.

I tried to keep all this as much as I could from Barget. She knew just what the situation was, but I didn't want her to see how seriously it worried me. And Barget saw that too, saw how anxious I was to keep my trouble away from her, so she used to go to bed early and pretend not to know what it was that kept me so late bent over my desk downstairs. But one night, long after I thought she was sound asleep, she came into the room where I was working. Nothing was the matter, she said in answer to my question; then coming round behind my chair she kissed my forehead and ran her hands through my hair. "How many thousand worries there must have been to turn it so white! I think it has been growing whiter just in these last weeks."

"Not so bad as that," said I. "We'll solve this riddle somehow. It takes a little thinking over, that's all."

She looked at my map a while. "I wish I could help," she said simply. Then she curled up in a big leather chair near by and drew a steamer rug over her. I pored over my map a little longer, then threw down my pencil and looking up found her eyes on me.

"You aren't worried about it partly because you think I'm worried, are you?" she asked. "Because I'm not. I'm sure it will come out all right."

"In the end, yes," said I. "But it's hard for you while it lasts."

"I'm glad it is," she said quickly. "I'm glad I can bear part of it."

I knew she spoke no exaggeration, but the sober, literal truth, but the knowledge didn't make it easier for me to watch her bearing it. The loneliness, the spiteful bits of scandal, the little slights, hard enough for a man to bear though he may profess a hearty contempt for them, are torture to a woman, and all these things were inflicted on Barget. She didn't say much about them, but I knew what they were, and when I thought about the cause of it all I felt my old, slow-burning, deep-seated anger against the Stanleys come up to white heat again.

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 28.

I thought of all that as I sat and looked at her, curled up in the big chair, and when I saw the tears spring into her eyes, though she turned her face away to hide them, I knew she was thinking of it, too. But there was a refrain running through and accompanying my thoughts which I knew was not in hers: that they should pay, should pay with usury, in the coin of pain and helpless anger and humiliation, for every slight they put upon her

We sat for a while without speaking; she smiled at me and held out her hands

"Yes," said I. "We'll quit for to-night. I've stared at this map till it doesn't mean anything to me——"

As I spoke my eye fell on it again. Now, as I said, I had been poring over that map or one just like it for weeks. I had studied the position of every town, every river, every water-power, every railroad, in the hope that the relation of something to something else would give me the clue I wanted. I had indicated on the map the little railroad from Brutus down to Marion, where the coal fields were; I had even written "Coal" in parenthesis under the word Marion, but it wasn't till this very moment, as I was saying to Barget that it meant nothing, that I saw what it really did mean.

My sentence broke off short, and for one blank instant I stared at that dot on the paper labeled Marion; then I slapped my hand down on the last of my maps and cried out that I had got it.

I have had several experiences just like that, but they never fail to mystify me. At one instant everything blank and the next everything clear in its minutest details; just as things are revealed on the darkest night by a flash of lightning. I lay awake for the greater part of what remained of the night going over this revelation, for that is what the scheme was, testing its feasibility, planning the steps necessary for putting it into execution, but in all those hours of thought I really added nothing to the conception of it which had come to me while I was talking to Barget about something else

I'm afraid I'll have to go into another explanation together with a little history, also, to make my scheme clear. I'll be as brief about it as I can

Just about the time the first of the sensational copper strikes was made up in the Red City district, a man named Henry Peters appeared where the town of Marion is now, and began prospecting. He was totally different, I am sure, from any other prospector that ever lived; mum, cold and bloodless as a codfish, which he resembled closely. But this didn't prevent his being successful. He found coal, to be sure, instead of copper, but it paid him just as well. He settled down with his family, opened up the mines, and built a little railroad over to Brutus, thirty miles due west, a town on the line of the Red City and Texas Railroad and about half-way between its terminal points

Henry Peters had associated with him from the first his wife's younger brother, a man named Smith. They worked along together very successfully for a while, but after a year or two a violent quarrel broke out between them, I believe, because Smith insisted on marrying against Peters' wishes. Whatever the merits of the row were, the partnership was dissolved and a line drawn due east and west, as justly as might be, across the coal field; north of that line all belonged to Peters, south it was Smith's

They promptly cut prices to away below the low-water mark for profits, and hammered away at each other, while their customers reaped all the benefit there was. Smith, however, soon tired of the game and sold out his properties to the Northern Railroad. They built a branch line from Marion southwest to Bridgetown, their nearest point, and for a time between Peters and his transcontinental competitor there was peace, or something that looked like it But by and by the railroad people decided that they wanted Peters' coal lands also, and they went about it as though they had an ordinary man instead of an inexorable old image like Peters to deal with. Their offer was not high and it was peremptory; they followed it up with a sharp cut in the price of coal. That put an end to their chances of ever buying the North Marion mines—from Peters, anyway. They sold coal at a loss, and he steadily met their prices, and, when my scheme occurred to me, still the situation was unchanged People in the Bent River district, from Red City to Bridgetown, took cheap coal as a matter of course, while the R. C. and T. profited greatly thereby, saving on what they used themselves, and making on what others used, for the retail coal business all along the line was in their hands

My scheme wasn't altogether simple, but I was confident of carrying it through, and I wanted to waste no time about it. So, very early the next morning I packed my bag, kissed Barget good-by for I didn't know how long, and took the seven o'clock train down the line for Brutus and Marion

I arrived in the middle of the afternoon and went around to Mr. Peters' office only to find that he had left town the day before. They didn't want to tell me where he had gone or when he would be back, and it took some beating about the bush to get it out of his clerk that he had gone East, to Saratoga Springs, with his wife and daughter.

When I learned that I wrote a note to Barget, crossed the "dead line" into South Marion and took a coal train on the Northern down to Bridgetown, where I caught the midnight train East. The next day but one after the arrival of Henry Peters in Saratoga I walked in upon him in the reading-room of one of the big hotels.

He greeted me with a sour smile and a clammy hand, and asked me what I wanted of him

"I want to buy your coal land and mines in Marion"

He looked at me suspiciously, sniffed and turned back to his newspaper. "I do not wish to sell them," he said.

I had met Peters before, though never in a business way, and I was not disconcerted. None of the decencies of conversation had any place in his vocabulary.

"Will you please give me your attention?" I demanded, and in some surprise he put down his paper. "I don't believe you were entirely frank in saying that," I went on "If you could make a good bargain wouldn't you sell?"

His only reply was another question: "Are you acting as agent for the Northern Railroad?"

"No, I am not," said I.

"Are you not trying to buy with the idea of selling to them afterward?"

Again I answered in the negative.

"YOU AREN'T WORRIED ABOUT IT PARTLY BECAUSE YOU THINK I'M WORRIED, ARE YOU?" SHE ASKED

"I think," he said, "that that is what you would do the moment you had succeeded in buying it. I do not wish my property to fall into their hands, and therefore I repeat, I do not wish to sell to you."

I sat still and thought a moment. Then I said: "If I were able to convince you that you are mistaken as to my intentions would you sell?"

"Yes," he said.

"At what figure?"

He named it.

"Well," said I, "I don't at this moment see how I can convince you, but perhaps I can think of something I'll go out and tramp around for a while and maybe a way will occur to me. Shall I find you here in an hour?" He nodded and picked up his paper

When I try to do anything of that sort I always go at it by putting myself as nearly as possible in the other fellow's place, and seeing his interests as though they were mine. It makes quite a difference in the way things look. Well, for an hour I tried to make my mind work as though it belonged to Henry Peters, and by the end of that time I had a scheme which suited him. It was just this: I would pay him the sum he asked for his coal property, and at the same time would put up with some banker we should agree upon a similar amount in shares in the Northwestern and the Birthday to be forfeited to said Henry Peters in case I should sell his coal beds to the Northern Railroad; so that in order to sell them to any advantage I should have to get more than double the price I paid him for them.

The old man was quite delighted with the bargain when I appeared punctually on the hour and proposed it to him. He made me spend the rest of the day with him hearing his account of the rapacity of the railroad, and toward the end he was so confidential as to touch darkly upon the quarrel with his brother-in-law, Smith.

But I cut that as short as I could, arranged the terms of payment with him, gave him a check to bind the bargain and set out on the night train for New York. The man I wanted to see there was the chairman of the board of directors, the real power behind the throne, of the Northern Railroad In the East, and especially in that city, the big fellows are just about as easy to get audience with as the Czar of Russia, I think they're right about it, too, though on that occasion the red tape embarrassed me somewhat. My name, it seemed, was not in general circulation there, and it took me some time to find out whether Mr. Drayton was three rooms off or a thousand miles away. But at last I got at the chief clerk, who knew who I was, and learned from him that my man was up in the North Woods fishing. The clerk would either send a message to him for me, or would let me know as soon as he returned and arrange for me to meet him. He would probably be back within a fortnight.

I decided to wait, for I wanted him in a good humor, and an interruption of his holiday would not have been an auspicious beginning for the business I was to take up with him. Making every allowance for exaggeration on the part of Henry Peters, I could still be sure that my game would be a difficult one to play

After waiting for ten days, and they passed pretty slowly, too, I got word that he was in town and would be glad to see me, so at the appointed hour I was ushered into his office. He was very pleasant and chatted about various matters as though there were no such thing as being in a hurry, but when, getting around to business, I told him that I had bought the North Marion coal mines and wanted to make peace with the railroad, he stiffened up directly

"I hope we may induce you to sell us that property, Mr. Drake," he said.

"I'd be glad to sell if I could," said I, "but I'm not in a position to. So instead of that I'm anxious to come to an agreement which shall be advantageous to both of us."

He shook his head. "Our ultimatum in that matter went out long ago. The only terms we can agree to are an absolute sale."

It looked a little like a deadlock. "Have you time, Mr. Drayton, to listen to a long story?" I asked

He smiled. "If the ending of the story will be any nearer the sale of the North Marion coal fields, yes," he said; "if not, we'd both be wasting our time. Agreements to maintain prices are rubbish."

"That's not the sort of agreement I mean," said I quickly. "They're invariably broken at the convenience of either party. But if I pay you fifty per cent. of the net earnings of North Marion, and you pay me fifty per cent. of South Marion's, I don't think either of us would be fool enough to cut the price. In everything except technical fact we'd be one concern. Or make it forty-five per cent. Then we'd each get paid ten per cent for selling; that's fairer. But that's not the question. Will you listen to the story?"

He hesitated, looking at his watch for a moment, then told me to go ahead

Just as briefly as I could, and perfectly frankly, I told him the situation in Red City, the relative positions of Stanley and the other four and myself, and he followed me closely. When I was through I summed up like this:

"My scheme is to advance the price of coal, not only to a normal price but beyond that, as much higher as may be necessary. That will benefit you in two ways. You make money on the coal. And you improve your chance of being able to absorb the Red City and Texas Railroad. I know, as every one does, that you've been trying to get that in years past, and I've been told you've tried since Stanley has had

(Continued on Page 19)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1785 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶Some people don't leave any room in their business for good feeling

¶When an old man and a young woman are made one, it means one fool instead of two.

¶Speculation is the side door to wealth for one; the main entrance to poverty for a thousand

¶It's well to wear creased trousers, but the average Cræsus doesn't bother about the creases.

¶When a man says "business is business" he's usually getting ready to do something mean.

¶Spitting on the bait won't catch bass if you don't know how to cast; and spitting on your hands won't make money if you don't know how to use them.

¶If you want to put your money in a hole in the ground, it's safer to dig one in your back yard. You won't get interest, but you won't lose the principal.

¶Of buildings that represent the good in life, first comes the church, second the schoolhouse, and third the savings-bank. And all three prosper in the United States.

¶Beef went up on account of the scarcity of beef. Coal went up because of the scarcity of coal. The only surprising thing is that ice did not go up on account of the scarcity of water

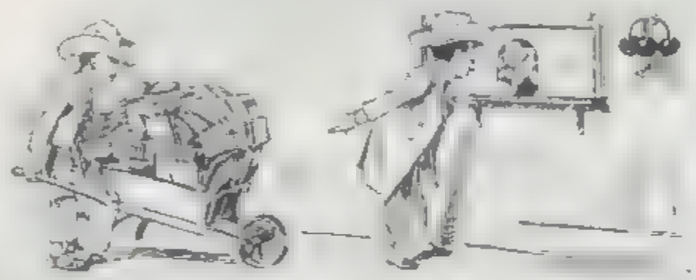
¶Some men say that a hundred thousand, some that a hundred million, dollars is enough. But while a lot of men get a hundred thousand and a few a hundred million, no one ever gets enough.

Who'll Be Cuba's Uncle?

IT APPEARS that Cuba is taking her independence seriously—so seriously as to propose to borrow money on it. She is preparing to raise a loan of $35,000,000, partly for the benefit of the soldiers of the revolutionary army and partly to help the planters out of the distress into which we have plunged them by refusing to give them a market for their sugar. At this proceeding on her part some of our conscientious and frugal statesmen at Washington are scandalized. They never vote away money for pensions to soldiers or to help private business interests. They think it is time for us to interfere, and they call attention to the fact that by the terms of the Platt Amendment we have a right to veto any Cuban loan whose interest would apparently exceed the available revenues of the island

Beyond doubt we have that power, but unfortunately Congress has deprived us of the moral right to exercise it. The Platt Amendment was based on the theory that Cuba would have peculiarly intimate relations with the United States—that she would remain a ward under our benevolent guardianship. On no other theory could we have decently asked for naval stations, the supervision of Cuba's finances, the control of her foreign relations and the authority to intervene for the maintenance of order. But when the tariff question came up Congress insisted upon treating Cuba as a purely foreign nation. It refused to recognize any responsibility whatever on our part for Cuban welfare. It treated Cuba's chief product precisely as it treated the same product coming from the colonies of England and France. The result was that the island fell into economic distress—a distress that had been predicted for two years before by our own administrators there. The cure for this malady would have been a relaxation of the American tariff. After waiting for that and failing to get it the Cubans now propose to borrow money to save their producers from bankruptcy. With what sort of face can we invoke the Platt Amendment against that action after practically repudiating it ourselves?

There is an old proverb about a rule that doesn't work both ways. Either Cuba is completely independent or she is not. If she is, she has a right to borrow all the money she can induce confiding capitalists to lend her. If she is not, the same principle that puts her under our guardianship requires us to look out for her welfare.



The Crowning of Common-Sense

THE longest day we any of us live we ought to thank Providence for the fortunate Coronation of August 9. It has been said that the real crown was for Sir Joseph Lister, the inventor of aseptic surgery, but in a broader way the crowning was a triumph in which we can all share—the triumph of good sense against superstition. As the King had grown older—prince he was then—the belief steadily gained ground that he would never live to see the sun shine on his coronation morning. A gypsy woman had foretold it in his early youth. There is no direct authority for believing that King Edward ever spoke two words to any gypsy woman; or that, if he did, she ever made the sinister prophecy attributed to her; or that, if she made the prophecy, the King took any stock in it—but with the sudden unchancy stroke of bad luck that struck him almost at the Abbey door some one was sure to start the story, and once started thousands were bound to give it ready credence and nod ominously in the black days when its fulfillment seemed probable.

Nothing is more curious than the ways in which superstition endures. The mother who calls her crying child to come and let her "kiss the place and make it better" has no idea that she is consistently following out the old practice of the sorceress who pretended to cure the affected part by sucking out the evil. Other instances abound in the symbolism and practice of daily life; but such are in the main harmless because unrecognized; their teeth are drawn and they no longer bite. The baleful superstitions are those that cramp and hinder business and action with senseless prohibition. Probably no man is without his own familiar. He dare not walk under a ladder, sit down to table with thirteen, look at the new moon over his left shoulder, hang a horseshoe upside down, keep a black cat, start a venture or a voyage on a Friday, marry on a rainy day, meet a funeral, cross three crows, or wake to the baying of a strange dog. All days will be alike to him for dying, but he must by no means be born "on St. Galpert's night, three days before luck," or "were he a hatter, men would come into the world without heads," "should he fall on his back, he would break his nose," "should he go to sea, he would find it dry."

Possibly the man may resist, but he is almost sure to remember, and ten to one it is a proverb he remembers. "A

man's life is often builded on a proverb," and "as a country so the proverb." As the proverb so the country might be fitter said. Proverbs are the bulwarks of superstition; it requires an unthinkable effrontery to stare down, self-opinionated and single-handed, "the experiences of a half-century extracted from a dozen folio volumes." Who has not been "proverb'd with a grandsire's phrase, to be candle-holder and looker-on" at some debate where the right lay none the less with him? The proverb is well said; it bites shrewdly, it is a happy weapon of retort, often a keen critic of experience, but too often it is justified of itself, as in the case of Huck Finn's classic anecdote of the man who had the misfortune to see the new moon over his left shoulder and, a week later, carried more forty rod to his work in the shot tower than he could balance, and fell off and was buried between two barn doors.

There are many Huck Finn logicians who point with like satisfaction to some wise saw which has "come true" with like infallibility. No harder thing was ever said of us than Descartes' bland observation that of all commodities of the intellect common-sense was the best distributed, for every man is satisfied with his own allotment of it. Superstition is hard to root out, but with a refutation, so complete, of an example so signal and so widely watched there ought to be at least an abatement of a childishness we have outgrown.

Post Readers on Trusts

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

If, as has been predicted, it will eventually be the function of the General Government to control the railroads and the great industries for the benefit of the people, are not the organizers of the gigantic trusts and monopolies really doing a great work in combining, simplifying and organizing them? Are they not being put into the best possible shape for the people to take them when the time is ripe? A. B. S.

South Dennis, Massachusetts.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

Trusts mark a stage in industrial evolution. We want trusts, but want to prevent them from doing harm. If one desired to keep a live rattlesnake and at the same time prevent it from doing harm he would extract its fangs. Then it would be as harmless as any other snake.

Just what fangs are to a rattlesnake a protective tariff is to the trusts. J. D. H.

Otisfield Gore, Maine.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

The so-called trusts are a wise and beneficent Institution and the development of a natural law. Anti-legislation is absurd. Give them all the liberty possible. If they become oppressive, purchase or confiscate them—by revolution if need be—and let the Government operate them. In the mean-time they are devising the most complete and economical system of production and distribution that was ever conceived by man. A. F. R.

Duluth, Minnesota.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

There is little objection to trusts except those of the vicious, selfish, thieving sort. A democracy is supposed to leave all kinds of business to individual enterprise: but if trusts become subversive of democratic principles the Government will have to act on the defensive by bringing them under control, or ownership, as in the case of Russia. F. P. C.

Evansville, Indiana

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

Trusts to-day are corporations and a National Corporation Law should be passed. There are many arguments in favor of this.

One is, a *citizen* of the United States does not have any special privilege by reason of having been born within the boundaries of any certain State; then why should a *corporation* have greater benefits when the charter is granted at one State capitol rather than another? G. H. M

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

THE PLANT AT HIGH GROVE

By WILL PAYNE

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENT—The prosperity, the very existence, of the town of High Grove depends on the plow works. A trust wants to buy them to eliminate competition, and will then shut them down. Malden, the principal owner of the plow works, who feels an intense pride in having built up the town, is determined to save the works. Dyer, an almost equal owner, wants to sell. Johnson, the Superintendent, holding the balance of power, sides with Malden. A fierce competition is begun by the trust and the High Grove plant tries to meet it. A ten per cent. reduction in wages has become necessary, and labor trouble is imminent.

The love of Julia Malden is an interesting factor; but which man she favors seems doubtful. Genslow, editor of the local paper, opposes Malden, and is hated by Johnson but is in love with Johnson's handsome sister, Lena.

FOURTH CHAPTER, CONCLUDED

IN THE days that followed a new air pervaded High Grove. Two strangers arrived from Chicago. Soon every one knew that they were agents from the labor organization, come to preach among the men, seeking to form them into trades' unions. To this time there had been only the vaguest organization among the High Grove workmen. Now the air of the town was full of this new force—the organized workmen banded to exert their power, a power great enough to overthrow the established order, to cause social upheavals. To the substantial people in High Grove this power suggested something huge, sinister, anarchic. But there were others among the townsfolk who upheld the unions, and still others—the younger and less responsible element—who sat back and hoped there would be a jolly good row, anyway. Genslow had the effect, to the more stable townsmen, of being enthusiastically of this latter element. The Messenger criticised the Company and its President, and openly gloried in the progress of the union. There was talk of driving the editor out of town.

Malden sat gloomily at the dinner-table. "The men have a perfect right to organize, a perfect right," he was saying to his wife; trying, not very successfully, to give it the air of a cheerful assent. "I can't blame them—if they think it will do them any good. But"—he looked up in a troubled search for sympathy—"I think I had earned the right to their confidence."

The President's world, which had seemed so right and strong, so immutably founded upon what was best and most righteous, had received so many shocks of late—since Blair, the trust-promoter, had stepped in—that he was beginning to feel a bit confused and at a loss, as though the sun persisted in rising from the west.

"It occurs to me, Frank, that Johnson would have done better if he had driven these agitators away and prevented the forming of the unions," Mrs. Malden observed presently.

She had that high cracked voice, of a quality by no means unpleasant, which comes to some nervous women late in life. Her hair was puffed and frizzed in front. She had worn it that way ever since Julia could remember, with never a concession to the mode of the day. There was a bit of fine lace at the neck of her dress. She usually wore a bit of fine lace. She managed to convey and to maintain a singular suggestion of an ancient régime. Her view of the Superintendent's duty in respect to the union surprised neither husband nor daughter. Malden only smiled with a fond and admiring indulgence.

"Driving people away isn't so easy, Fanny," he said. "You have the only sceptre in town."

"All the more reason why I should keep mine," she replied, and in the lift of her head there was a hint of her pride of place. "At any rate Johnson might drive some of the young men away from his sister. I suppose his mother is helpless enough," she added.

Malden caught an odd glance between mother and daughter, and looked back at his wife for an explanation.

"We have had to drop the young lady," said Mrs. Malden dryly, and Malden then comprehended that there was something between his wife and daughter which the wife had been waiting for a chance to notify him of.

"Not we, mother! You! You alone!" Miss Malden exclaimed. "I have nothing to do with it. I have begged you not to do it. But my wishes count for nothing, it seems! I'm not pleading for the girl. Lena isn't bad; but she is foolish. Yet it isn't for her; but for William's sake——"

"We are not dropping William," Mrs. Malden observed with a quiet, acid touch of sarcasm.

"Yes—you are! Ask father if William hasn't carried the works on his shoulders these last five years!"

"I fancy your father has been about—although you seem not to have observed it," said Mrs. Malden with the quiet acid touch.

Malden flushed slightly. "Well, I think I have been about the works some," he said with a heavier attempt at sarcasm. "H'm—what's it all about, anyway?"

"I walked into the orchard last night about nine o'clock," Julia began, looking at him eagerly; "I came upon somebody at the pear tree. After all, it was only a silly youngsters' prank. There was Jennie Presley and the fellow Genslow, and another lad—and Lena. The gallants were stealing pears for the girls. It was a silly youngsters' prank—a bit of juvenile bravado. I called to Lena, but she ran away with the others. Mamma heard me call, and she asked me about it to-day. She is going to drop Lena and Jennie—not invite them to the harvest party. It is too high-handed—with me!"

Mrs. Malden, her gray, frizzled head erect, looked over at her daughter. "If I do not hesitate to be high handed with my own child why should I hesitate with other people's children?" she said in her high, cracked, not unpleasant voice. "I trust that an invitation from Mrs. Malden implies something," she went on with dry deliberateness. "I hope that it implies, at least, passing respectability and the degree of good manners which you might reasonably expect from a sober hod-carrier. When it does not imply that much Mrs. Malden will cease sending invitations. I hope I am not uncharitable; but I believe in this case in exercising charity on behalf of the orderly and well-disposed young women who believe that there is some slight significance in being invited to my house. If these affairs of ours, which are given because they are supposed to suggest certain standards to the poorer people, are to take the character of public picnics where anybody and everybody can foregather, we will stop giving the affairs."

At the bottom of his heart Malden was immensely proud of his wife's distinction. He wished her to be the aristocrat that she was—it saved his democracy from becoming commonplace. There was no moment when he was not conscious of a difference between himself and the workmen for whom he took so much thought.

"I shouldn't like to hurt Johnson's feelings," he said in a troubled, propitiating way. "William is doing great work for us now. It might seem—h'm—unappreciative, unkind, you know. I wish it could be avoided."

"Do you wish your wife to send your Superintendent a list of her guests for his approval?" asked Mrs. Malden.

"Oh, not that, Fanny! Not that, of course, only——"

"Only it would come to that. We can give the party or not, just as you like."

"Why, certainly we will give the party. It has been announced. Of course, this is an affair of the house."

"And Johnson belongs to the works, not the house," said Mrs. Malden.

"I dare say Johnson will have the sense to understand it," said Malden unhappily.

"I dare say," said Mrs. Malden in her dry way; and Julia knew the affair was settled.

"He's an intelligent man," said Mr. Malden; "and a most useful employee," he added for Julia's benefit.

Nothing further was said between mother and daughter. The day for sending out the invitations came. This was Miss Malden's task. The day passed with the task untouched. In the evening Miss Malden paced restlessly across her room. She looked anything but a weak woman. The beauty of her full, clear-skinned, colorless face lay in the square intelligent brow, the large dark eyes, the mass of black hair and the mobile mouth. In the chin and nose there was a touch of strength which was, perhaps, insisted upon too much. It was not that her mother's will imposed upon her—still less her father's. An intricate and irresistible mass of things compelled her with its slow, stupid, unanswerable weight. She went to the desk, took out the bundle of invitations, neatly done up from the stationers, a package of envelopes and the list of guests. She sat back in the chair and put her hand over her face with an unusual gesture. The hand dropped. Her large dark eyes searched the wall a moment, as though its blank, dead surface might abruptly disclose a way out. Then she took a corner of her lip between her teeth and began addressing the envelopes rapidly. When she came to Lena Johnson's name on the list a quick blur of tears dimmed her eyes. A drop fell on the blotter. But she skipped the name and went on without a pause.

FIFTH CHAPTER

JOHNSON sat in the front room looking over the Messenger. He did not care to be seen on the porch with it in his hand. He knew that Mr. Malden had rather conspicuously banished the sheet from his house. Yet what it had to say about Malden affairs found its way to the President. The paper appeared twice a week, Thursday and Saturday afternoons. It was the Thursday issue, still damp from the press, which Johnson unfolded—a blanket sheet of four sprawling pages, ill-printed, blotchy with big type, straggling, its dampness giving it the effect of a rag. The second, third and fourth pages were mostly patent inside and advertising.

Johnson turned to the last page—that on which the local advertisements appeared. There were only the advertisements of Kohn, the clothing-emporium man, of the Silver Dollar and Workmen's Exchange saloons, and the cards of a quack doctor and two dubious lawyers. All the responsible concerns, without whose patronage the paper could not exist, had withdrawn from its pages in a body—and that meant the end of the Messenger. To get rid of the Messenger was part of the fight to save the works. In that fight Johnson was giving quarter to nobody. He had won here. The Messenger was at the end of its rope. But as the Superintendent looked down at the blank advertising page which told of his victory there was no elation, no satisfaction in his mind. He tossed the paper aside and stood up, his eyes dulled and hard. A challenge sounded in his brain. He felt himself inscrutably called upon to muster all his force, to strain every muscle, to grapple anew with his contrary world. His arms ached for action—for something tangible and ponderable that a man could clutch and struggle with.

Presently he put on his hat and sauntered out the back way, meaning to stroll across the flat and come around by the works—for no reason except that in the savage struggle of his thought the works mysteriously drew him on.

He passed out of the back gate. There was no sidewalk here, only a path in the tall grass with a screen of currant and blackberry bushes on the side next to the garden. Stepping out, Johnson came upon Genslow, who was strolling by, his boyish face, with its gallant little mustache, turned up toward the rear of the house—evidently he was looking for some one. Johnson knew who the some one was, and before this slim, trim young figure, gallant and debonair, with that advantage in its air which the adventurous have, he felt the hard belligerence of his mood concentrate and take him in hand. Genslow recovered his poise first.

"Good-evening, Mr. Johnson," he said. In the young fellow's handsome face, in his slight, tentative smile, in his boyish brown eyes, there was a certain softness, a tender of amity, a subtle offering to make friends.

That tentative, proffering softness instantly referred itself to Lena in Johnson's hard, hostile, jealous mind. The girl stood between them, and the older man, conscious of being burly and unromantic, felt a kind of sullen joy over the rude power of his body. His hard mood pushed him on.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

Genslow hesitated a moment. Again there was the slight, tentative smile which offered to ignore the affront; again that subtle offer of friendliness. But there was no response in the Superintendent's wrathful eye.

"Just walking on—the king's highway," said the cub.

"And trying to make trouble," Johnson added forbiddingly.

"Been reading the Messenger?" The editor smiled more brilliantly. There was the note of gayety in his youthful voice. "But did you see the advertising page? The respectables have shut me out—cut me dead!" He laughed. "I suppose you did it, too."

"I think it's a good precedent, Genslow. I'm going to follow it. I'll trouble you not to loiter at my back gate. It isn't agreeable."

Genslow paused a second. "Not agreeable—to you, you mean," he suggested softly.

A flush of deeper anger overspread Johnson's face. He knew that he was behaving stupidly; but the hard fighting mood pushed him on. "No matter to whom. Move along!" he said peremptorily. There was no mistake as to what he meant.

At that moment a girl's voice, fresh, sweet, full of spring, breathing romance, trilled from the house. Genslow looked the Superintendent square in the eye. That voice gave him his triumph and he took it to the full for the space of two seconds. As he looked he knew by that instinct which had come down from the time when the first man alertly watched the eye of a crouching beast, that the rush, the clutch, the elemental trial by strength of arm was near at hand. Lena's voice sounded, humming, in the little garden. Genslow took a deep breath, looked again meaningly into Johnson's ominous eye, and turned on his heel and walked away.

Johnson looked after him, the muscles of his jaw stiffened, his brain given over to the stupid fighting wrath. Lena was close at hand. He heard the soft humming of her voice across the hedge and the switch of the bushes as her hand moved birdlike among them, gathering berries. At once he seemed to see himself clutching, striking, rolling on the ground like a fighting dog. An abject fear of meeting Lena's eye overcame him. He hurried away overwhelmed with shame. Why was he left aside, heavy, rude, alone, bungling? He hurried on, mechanically taking the direction he had planned, but without noticing his surroundings.

The dingy frame building occupied by the Silver Dollar saloon fronted on River Street. As Johnson hurried abstractedly around that corner he came upon Biggs and two others emerging from the saloon. At the first glance his mind aroused, the confusion slipped away; he was alert, practical, ready.

The Superintendent looked up and nodded grimly. In the mere instant of looking up he observed the man at Biggs' right—a young fellow with a degenerate face, now somewhat flushed with drink—and his eye caught an odd, fearing, startled arrest in this man's face as their glances met. Johnson identified the young fellow as a stoker. He went on three rods; then looked around quickly. The three men were standing on the saloon steps looking after him. Even at that distance he could see that the stoker's mouth was open as though he had not fully recovered his breath.

Johnson walked on alert, attentive, his mind at work. Only a vacant stretch of the flat lay between him and the works. At his right the river flowed serenely in the dusk, softly lapping the stones that built up the roadway on its bank. The fiery crown of the large cupola in ever-changing metal. One end and the long perspective of the flank of the big building were in Johnson's view. It seemed absolutely empty, deserted, at peace. When he came nearer his murderous searching eye caught the flash and glimmer of a watchman's dark lantern in the top story. He went on, sorting the long side of the parallelogram. All was still. Presently through the windows of the squat detached smithy he could see the forms of the half-dozen men of the night shift at their sweaty work. This long flank of the big building was unbroken by any entrance save the big double sliding doors opposite the smithy. The other flank was exposed to the view of the town. The two doors were securely locked. Johnson stopped. The stoker persisted in his mind, and he turned back. The engine-room cupped a little advance on a mere

Editor's Note—This is the second and concluding installment of this story.

brick box thrown out like a toe from the foot of the big building. The lifting ground had been cut away here for a level foundation and the box of the engine-room huddled against the cut bank so that it was almost hidden from the town.

Johnson remembered something more. The room in which crates were made occupied the corner of the main building immediately adjoining the engine room. There was a small door, always locked, between them. This position of the crate-room was convenient for shipping. A spur of railroad track ran along the town side of the plant. But the proximity of the combustibles to the engine-room was not satisfactory. A sequence of ideas was forming in Johnson's mind. He quickened his steps like a man who had forgotten something. The box of the engine-room seemed still enough as he peered uncertainly in at the dirty window-pane. From the bunch of keys in his hip pocket he selected one, applied it to the small door next to the wall of the main shop, and entered the cave like room which contained the boilers and the engine. The smell of smoke and burning wool assailed his nostrils. In a moment he saw it—a pile of oily engine-waste flung down on the two wooden steps leading to the small locked door which communicated with the crate-room. The pile was smoking in a leisurely sort of way. A breath of air came through the opened outer door, and a bright little tongue of flame curled up from the waste.

One could not say what that heap of oily wool might contain. Johnson was upon it in a second, seizing it with both hands, flinging it out on the cement floor. His grasping hands encountered something rough, hard, heavy and piping hot that seared the flesh; then they got into something wet that bit the burns. A mere five seconds' furious work finished it. On the cement floor a fierce little bonfire was burning harmlessly with the crackle and fury of an inflammable oil. The odor of the oil was in Johnson's nostrils. His seared hands reeked and stung with it—turpentine.

A couple of big, rough hot cinders from the furnace lay on the cement beside the bonfire. It was quite plain—two hot cinders wrapped up and smothered in dry waste; waste saturated with engine oil put over it; then, on the top step, against the door, waste soaked in turpentine, the whole making a clumsy but fairly trustworthy slow fuse which might smolder on for an hour, possibly, before the turpentine caught. Johnson stooped and smelled of the door—turpentine. He put his finger in the crack under the door and it came out wet and smarting. He had no key to that door. It was always locked.

It took him perhaps ten minutes to go around through the various shops to the crate-room and find where the turpentine had been spilled on the floor and over the loose shavings. The palms and fingers of both hands were seared where he had grasped the hot cinders. He found some dry waste and wrapped them up clumsily. Then he went over the plant carefully and cautioned the two watchmen.

It was after ten when he finally turned toward home. Across the railroad tracks he stopped and looked back. The long bulk of the works loomed, still, dark, safe. His burned hands stung and ached. He was conscious of that as he looked back at the looming plant.

He was that plant! He, Johnson, was the brain, the will, the soul of that pile of rough brick! He had kept the works going! These last three years of fierce competition, while Malden, aging, relaxing, more and more infatuated with his doctrines, more and more loosened the master's grasp, it had been he, Johnson, who bore the brunt and pulled the thing through. When destruction impended it was he, Johnson, who was at hand to leap in and ward it off—not Malden! A strange, grim exultation filled him, as though he could diffuse his mind through those various bare shops; as though he could incorporate those rough brick walls with himself. He hated the works—never more than just now—but nobody could take them away from him! They were himself!

The house was dark when he reached home. He opened the screen door and entered the living-room in front. As he stepped toward the door of his own room a shadow beside the window stirred. He paused, aware that Lena was sitting there alone in the dark—she was such a little, young thing.

"All alone?" he called cheerily.

She did not answer for a moment. Then her sweet, fresh voice sounded in the dark. "Mrs. Malden isn't going to invite me to her harvest party," she said simply, yet with an odd quickness. There was an indefinable pall on Johnson's nerves as he caught the effect of her suppressed excitement. "I've just been up to Jen Presley's. She isn't invited either. The other girls got their invitations two days ago, and Jen and I are not to be invited."

"I'm sorry, Lena," was all he could think of to say at the moment. He referred it to Genslow.

"Everybody will know about it," she added. He comprehended the effect, to her, of a publicly pronounced judgment, of a brand conspicuously applied. It seemed abominably cruel—femininely cruel. Some hot words came to his lips. Then he remembered Genslow and himself at the back gate—and he suspected that Lena knew of that.

As though his mind lay open to her, she said, in a moment: "William, did you forbid Ben Genslow to come here?"

"Yes—I did, Lena," he said with an odd reluctance; and he spoke in his kindliest voice. "You know what I think of him. But if he would come to the front door like a man——"

"So you could kick him out, William?" the sweet voice asked.

Johnson felt the wall rise between them. They would only quarrel. He went on to the little room especially his own behind the living-room. It took him some time to light the lamp because of his bandaged hands. Lena's sweet, childish voice rang in his ears. What were those strange noises they had been making at each other—those vocal utterances which the brain seemed to interpret, but which served only to alienate them? Why hadn't he simply barked at her and trotted by? Why must it always work out to her injury?

It was the Maldens who had worked that refined cruelty upon her—stupid and useless. That is, the feminine Maldens, for it was a woman's cruelty. That blow, aimed at his sorest and tenderest spot, had been delivered by the fair hands on the hill! He looked down at his own bandaged hands, and for a moment he wished to laugh. He felt the stir and uplifting of a big wrathful power within him. For a moment it seemed that he might clutch the walls of the plant with the arms of a Samson and crush them. That long bulk of rough brick, empty, dark, peaceful, serenely stupid, yet holding the soul of his passion—why did not this intricate tangle of human lives become dynamic and blow it up!

He went over to the desk, fumbled out an old envelope containing the certificate of his stock in the Company. He stood with the envelope in his bandaged hands, staring down at it. Had not the time come, as Dyer said, to wind it all up?

But Dyer might have his own interest——

"YOUR DAUGHTER AND YOUR WORKMAN WERE ONCE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED. CONSIDER THAT BEFORE YOU TELL HIM!"

SIXTH CHAPTER

THE stir grew in High Grove. No night but Johnson went over to the works, surprising the watchmen at odd hours. He went about among the men continually, working to prevent the strike which everybody felt trembling in a balance.

Malden himself was half bewildered. These strange new forces which had abruptly shouldered their way into his well ordered world perplexed him. He relied more and more upon Johnson. The Superintendent had succeeded in several instances where the President had failed. The men must believe in Johnson—one of themselves, brought up in the Malden system, a living testimonial to its efficacy.

The mass-meeting at which the strike would be again debated was to be held Monday. Sunday evening Malden and his wife sat on the deep veranda. Dyer and Miss Malden had been there a moment before. They had talked over the situation very frankly, as in a family council, all under the sense of the impending crisis.

"If they strike, I suppose it means ruin," said Malden.

The ominous word brought a silence in which Dyer, lounging against a pillar, studied the floor.

"It may mean ruin for the Company," he suggested. "But ruin isn't the last word, fortunately." He strolled along the porch and sat down at Julia's feet. "A good deal may come after the bankruptcy court," he added, for her.

Presently the elders, busy with their money trouble, were aware of the young ones loitering across the lawn. Here and there, at farther and farther spaces, they caught sight of the two figures walking near together through the shrubbery.

Syringa, rose and lilac bushes and dwarf evergreens grew near the gravel roadway which skirted the edge of the grounds and led from the street to the stables. Dyer and Miss Malden had been standing still for some minutes, his straw hat in his left hand, in his right a white rose with a long stem. There was absolute silence save for the voices of the night.

"It always had to be you—from the very beginning," she said presently, looking up at him. "That was inevitable."

"Yes; it was inevitable!" he repeated quickly, with a note of triumph. "Only—dear woman—I wish I might have come sooner. I wish we might have come sooner. You were a long time on the way. And I know you had a bad time!"

"I suppose we all, except you, dreamed something else a long time ago. It was a beautiful dream. But it wouldn't work out. It wouldn't come true. I tried honestly to live up to it, and I've tried other things; tried them with all my heart. But they wouldn't work out true. Sometimes I seemed to be succeeding; but something always stood in the way—the inevitable, I suppose—and you. Everything else failed finally. And now—I'm glad, dear! I'm glad!" He felt in her eyes, her voice, her whole person, the great rest, the sinking back to peace.

"Truly glad?" he insisted.

"Truly glad! If—only William will understand—now."

"He will understand," said Dyer comfortingly, with the victor's easy magnanimity. "He is one who is capable of understanding."

There was the rustle and brisk swishing of shrubbery near at hand. The large figure of a man revealed itself coming through the bushes. Dyer dropped Miss Malden's hands. The intruding figure halted abruptly; began mumbling something apologetically; was already backing hastily away from the tableau which obviously was not posed for spectators.

"William! William! Is that you?" Miss Malden's voice called.

"Come on, Johnson," Dyer's voice seconded.

The Superintendent paused, looking back at the two figures standing close together.

"Were you coming to the house—to see father?" Miss Malden encouraged.

"Yes—I was coming," said Johnson. They were waiting and he came slowly back, facing them, waiting also. He saw that Dyer was regarding him with an open, friendly look, that Miss Malden was bending toward him, eager, inviting.

"Father is on the porch. Arthur will tell him you are here," she said.

Dyer regarded Johnson with that friendly look; then spoke under his breath to Miss Malden. "Shall I tell them?" he asked.

She considered swiftly. "Yes," she said quickly, with a swift upward look which subtly put herself into his hands.

Dyer turned lightly away, disappearing through the shrubbery, leaving the others alone.

"Mr. Dyer and I are engaged, William," was the first thing she said—softly.

"I'm glad of it. It should have been long ago. I'm glad of it," said Johnson rapidly. "I've been expecting it four years. It's fit. It winds the thing up. I'm going away myself. I came up to tell your father. I'm going to leave the

A TRAINING in Modern Methods of BUSINESS

THE course of study at Peirce School is designed to thoroughly equip a young man or young woman to discharge satisfactorily the duties of a responsible position in the commercial world

It embodies all the ordinary commercial branches, and, in addition to these, gives a broad conception of the principles underlying modern business methods

The course may be taken to advantage by young men and women of limited or liberal education, the grammar school student or the college graduate; it gives the specific training needed by those who desire to start as bookkeepers, stenographers, etc., and at the same time is broad enough for those who are to enter at once upon the duties of responsible positions with large firms or corporations

Many men of mark in the commercial world send their sons to Peirce School to get a clear understanding of business in general, before commencing to learn the business in their own offices by "starting from the bottom."

The course at

PEIRCE SCHOOL

is endorsed by such eminent men as President Roosevelt, ex-President Cleveland, Andrew Carnegie, Thomas B. Reed, Max O'Rell, and many others. Its graduates are sought by the largest and most successful concerns in the country.

The 1902-1903 Term
Opens September 1, 1902

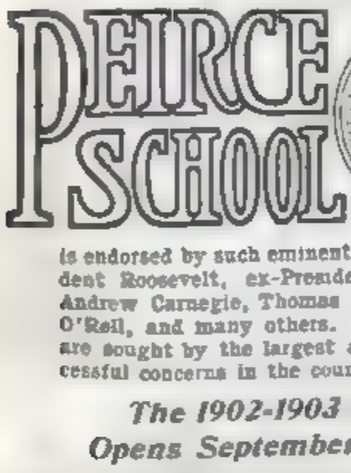
For terms and further information, address

Peirce School
917-919 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

CHESTER "EVERLASTIC" SUSPENDER

SLIDING LINK MEETS EVERY SHOULDER MOTION

IT STRETCHES FROM TIP TO TIP



SENT FREE

We will mail FREE, one of our full size Gendron Elastic Cord [illegible] stretch after the web has lost its elasticity than a new pair of ordinary suspenders.

The web stretches. The ends (front and back) stretch. Also look at the patent link. A strong and serviceable suspender.

Money Refunded

If you don't find it the most perfect in adjustment and the most comfortable suspender ever made

PLEASE DON'T

let your dealer sell you something [illegible] if you really want the Chester Everlastic. He has them in stock or can easily get them. If he won't, send us the retail price (50c) and we will send a pair postpaid. State color preference.

Send for handsome booklet.

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO.
25 Decatur Avenue, Roxbury, Mass.
Canadian Factory, Brockville, Ontario

LET ME SELL YOUR REAL ESTATE OR BUSINESS

Over 20 Years' Successful Experience

Describe your property and give your lowest cash price in first letter. I can sell most any kind of property no matter where located. If you want to buy write me today. I can save you time and money.

FRANK P. CLEVELAND Real Estate Expert
1605 Adams Express Building, Chicago

"works." He spoke all this like a man delivering an unpleasant message, nervously. Then he added, in the same abrupt way: "My sister has run off with Genslow."

"Ah—Lena!"

"Lena. I got the telegram this afternoon. They were married in Illinois City yesterday," he said in the same quick, hard voice.

She took a step nearer, bending toward him, agitated, her face drawn. "I couldn't do anything!" she cried. "I couldn't do anything to help you even there! Even with Lena, where I might have helped so much, I never helped at all. I've never really helped in any way!

"Well—the snub—over the party—cost me something——" he began.

"And I did it! I did it!" she exclaimed. "My mother determined it—and I let myself go. I felt helpless to go back [illegible], and tell her what had happened [illegible] I felt myself bound. I did that meanness to your sister! Imagine that! Then you'll begin to understand us Maldens. You don't know the family, William—nor me, either. Selfishness paralyzes me in the end. I'm glad you're going away, where you'll have a fair chance. I've hurt you enough."

Her humility touched his hard mood. "Don't blame yourself," he said simply. "I have felt hard and fighting sometimes, I admit. But it melts when I see you and hear you. Never mind. The dream was good if it didn't come true. I thank you for it, Julia."

"No—but you—you, William. You've been true. Everything has been put over on your shoulders. You've even kept the works going. I'd have known that myself if Arthur hadn't told me so. Somebody has to pay, and you've paid, paid, paid all the time. It's you who are empty-handed and cheated in the end!"

"Do you think that? Do you [illegible]?" he demanded swiftly. "Don't you ever think it again! Don't you ever believe it! Don't I know right now that you've paid most after all—that my hands are most full? See! When I knew you then your cheeks were pink. You had the air of spring. There was an evening in the orchard under the apple blossoms, and you were just like them! That was eight years ago. It was soon over, maybe—our dream. But the bloom, the fragrance, the spring were for me! That can't come back. It's only once in a lifetime. You're wiser now; richer probably in every other way. But the spring has passed. Nobody that ever sees you in a garden again will think that you've just been shaken out of the apple blossoms. You understand, Julia? I want you to know how much I've had. You can't ever again sit on a bench with a man in overalls, and glory because he is poor. I knew when it began to fail, and you knew. I suppose neither of us knows just why it failed. Maybe I got too ambitious and too prosperous. My mother and your father and mother were in the way. No matter. It might have ended there. I might have gone away. It might have faded out. But it was big and vital enough to hold us both. I turned to the works. I made you the works—you and me. I kept them going for you. They've been kept going because they had to go. I made them go, and I lived in that. It ended for you first because it had to. This thing eats one up; destroys one. I lasted longer because I was all hard bone. It's eaten me. But wasn't it great? Do you think it hasn't been worth while?"

"William!" she bent toward him, her eyes shining, speaking low. "I'm glad I'm old! I'm glad I look old; glad there's no more color in my face! Maybe that is a strange thing for a woman to say—especially one who has just become engaged and who is very fond——. But it is fit. If it had faded out easily for me I should have been abject before you now. I'm glad that other time belonged entirely to you and that you took it all, every bit! That time had to belong to you, as much—"

He nodded encouragingly. "Yes, as much as this time has to belong to somebody else. At last we're free——"

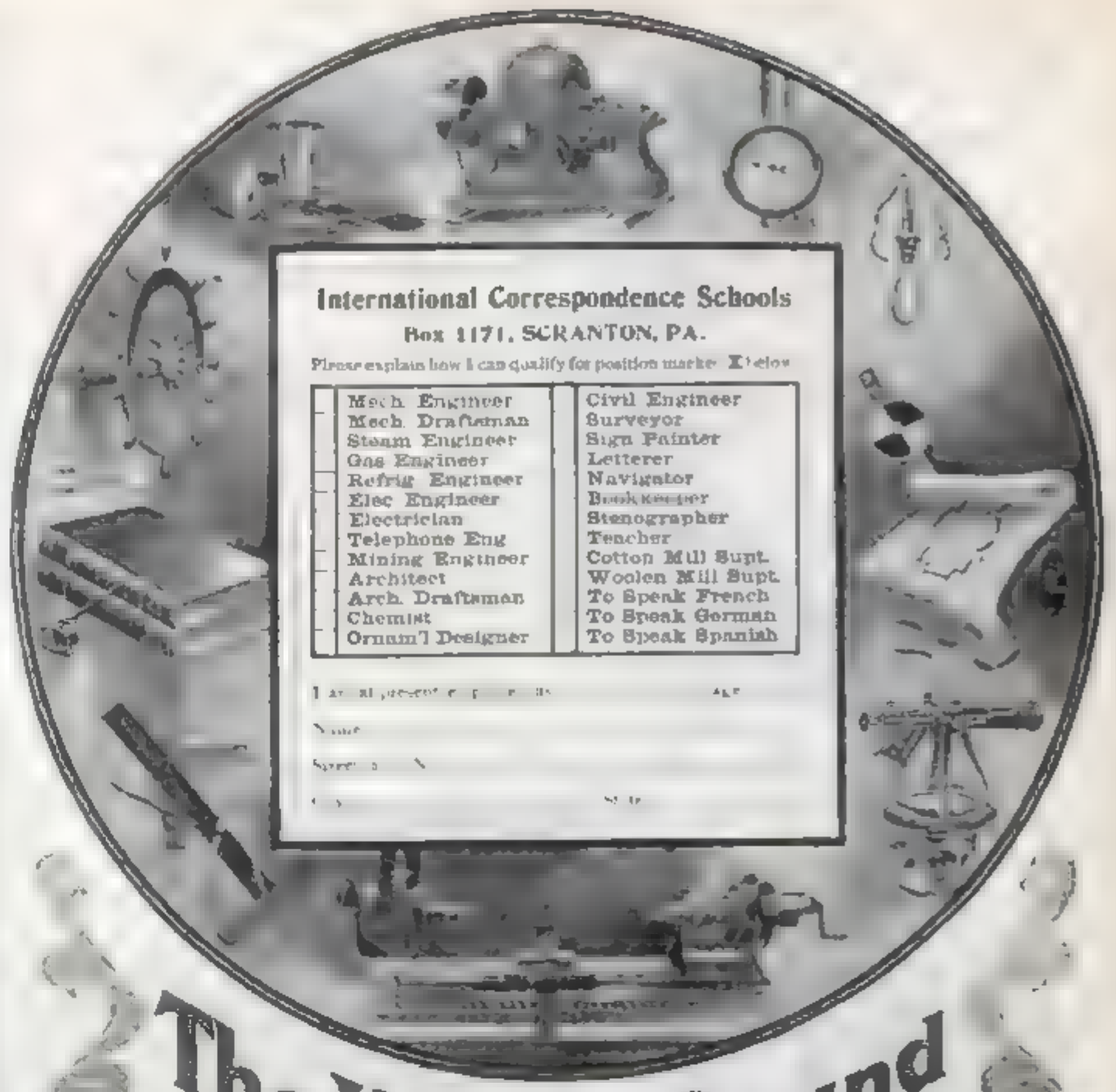
The complaint of the shrubbery, parted by a hurrying, heavy figure interrupted, and Malden came out before them, joyously impatient over the news Dyer had divulged.

"Stopping to talk business—now?" he asked jokingly, and turned urbanely to Johnson, holding out his hand.

"Something new, William?" he asked.

"Yes; something new. I'm going away. I came up to tell you."

Malden's eyebrows moved—a slight sign of annoyance. "It's hardly an opportune time—something urgent?" he asked.



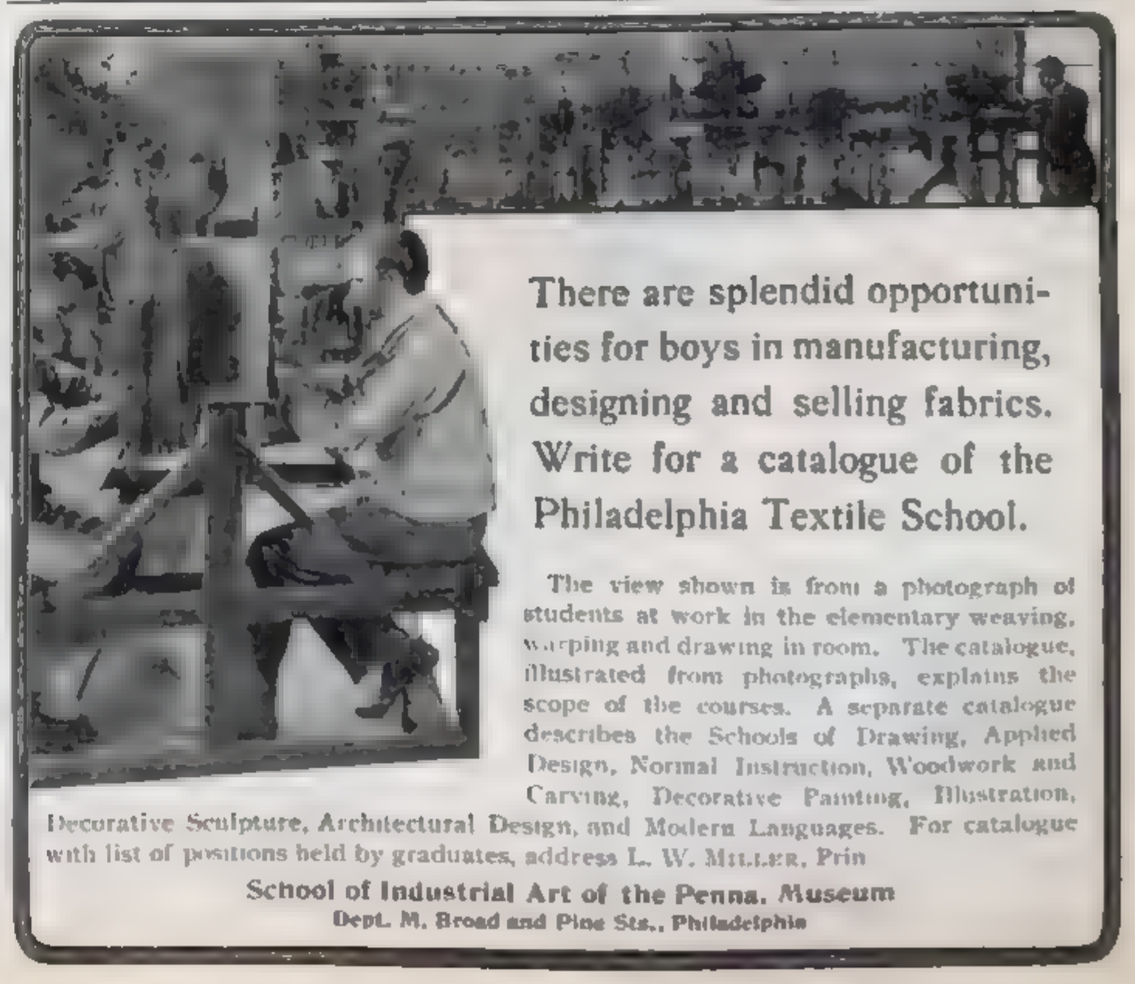
The Whole Round of Occupations is Open to You.

The fact that you must earn your own living need not debar you from obtaining a first-class technical training for your chosen profession.

We have trained thousands by mail, in their spare time; they held their old places until the day they accepted the new and higher salaried positions.

We qualify learners for salaried positions,
Help misplaced people change their work, and
Train ambitious men and women for advancement.

Fill in, cut out, and mail us the coupon TO-DAY. Then we'll write you all about it.



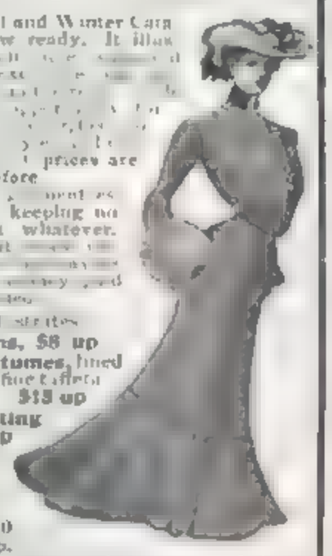
There are splendid opportunities for boys in manufacturing, designing and selling fabrics. Write for a catalogue of the Philadelphia Textile School.

The view shown is from a photograph of students at work in the elementary weaving, warping and drawing in room. The catalogue, illustrated from photographs, explains the scope of the courses. A separate catalogue describes the Schools of Drawing, Applied Design, Normal Instruction, Woodwork and Carving, Decorative Painting, Illustration, Decorative Sculpture, Architectural Design, and Modern Languages. For catalogue with list of positions held by graduates, address L. W. MILLER, Prin.

School of Industrial Art of the Penna. Museum
Dept. M, Broad and Pine Sts., Philadelphia

It's here no "gents or branch stores.

New Fall Suits and Cloaks



OUR new Fall and Winter Catalogue is now ready. It illustrates [illegible] prices are lower than ever before.

We make every garment especially to order, keeping no ready made stock whatever. [illegible]

One catalogue illustrates
New Cloth Gowns, $8 up
Jaunty Cloth Costumes, lined throughout with fine taffeta silk, ... **$15 up**
Church and Visiting Costumes, $12 up
Separate Skirts $4 up
Rainy Day and Golf Suits and Skirts: Suits, $10 up; Skirts, $6 up.
The New French Walking Suits, . . **$10 up**
Garments of Broadcloth and Velveteen
Suits, $15 up; Skirts, $10 up
Long Outer Jackets, . . **$10 up**
Jaunty Short Jackets, **$7 up**

We Pay Express Charges Everywhere.

The Catalogue and samples are sent free on request. Be sure to mention whether you wish for suits or cloaks, so that we will be able to send a full line of exactly what you desire

THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY
119 and 121 West 23d Street New York

BEST & Co.
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

We are
Children's Outfitters
exclusively. For those who are unable to visit our store,

The new fall
Catalogue
of Children's Wear (ready about Sept. 10th) will be of the greatest possible service. In ordering goods it will serve all purposes of a personal visit

In it over 2,000 articles are described—1,000 of which are illustrated

Sent for **4 Cents** Postage

WE HAVE NO BRANCH STORES—NO AGENTS

Our goods sold only at this one store.

Address Dept. 13

60-62 WEST 23d ST., NEW YORK

For Invalids and Cripples

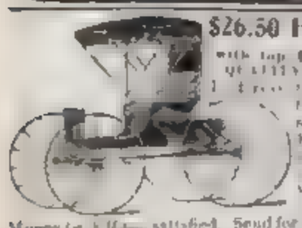
COMFORT ON WHEELS

Fay Tricycles and Invalid Chairs

Their fine points are ease, grace and freedom of motion, perfect control and easy operation, unrestricted scope of movement. They are easy of adjustment and beauties in [illegible]

"They are the biggest things of the age for cripples."—J. J. Latshaw, New Bern, S.

FAY TRICYCLE AND INVALID CHAIR CO., Elyria, Ohio



$26.50 BUYS A BUGGY

with top ($33.50) of very superior [illegible] and [illegible]

WE DELIVER FREE STATION and SAVE DEALERS' PROFIT

Money back if [illegible] satisfied. Send for Catalogue and Special Offer.
UNION BUGGY COMPANY, 401 Saginaw Street, Pontiac, Mich.

$100 or $40 fuel bill—which? Sixty per cent. of fuel and 85 per cent. of heat saved, health promoted, home beautified by the **ALDINE OPEN FIRE-PLACE**

Illustrated Catalogue will be sent for a 2c. stamp for postage
Aldine Grate and Mantel Co., 143 Court St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"I'm going away for good. I'm going to quit the works," said Johnson simply. "I mean that I am offered a position at Illinois City and I think it best to take it

"Illinois—with the trust? The trust! It's shameful, Johnson! You're selling me out!"

"Oh, father!" Julia expostulated

"Julia!" the patriarch warned, in his deepest voice. "I call it ingratitude!"

[illegible]" she stepped between him and Johnson

Be still, Julia!" he commanded wrathfully. "Don't interfere between me and one of my workmen. It is not the province of my daughter. I'll tell him to his face—"

"Your daughter and your workman were once engaged to be married. Consider that before you tell him!"

Malden stared at her, his eyebrows working up and down, utterly unable to take in the sense of her words, confused as though she had spoken in a strange tongue

"Oh, father! father! Can't you understand?" she cried with a burst of heroic impatience and pity. "It was you who always insisted upon the glorious possibilities of democracy. You talked of the noble ambition of the workman. You preached our sacred duty to the poor and lowly. You grew enthusiastic over applied Christianity And while you were in the library preaching to your friends, William and I were outside dreaming of living it. We were sincere and you were not. For we knew it was no use asking your consent—and mother's—then. The dream wouldn't come true. But it was so fine—he was so fine—that I honor him apart from all other men. It isn't for my father to insult such a one—"

Malden, still groping and gasping mentally, perceived enough so that his eyes fell "I'll say no more," he muttered. But he looked up at her in an instant with a fresh trouble.

"But Arthur?" he stammered, quailing before the new fright which might now come out of this pit

"Why, naturally, Arthur knows all about it. He has known from the beginning. He knew at the time," she said patiently.

"All along?" he repeated incredulously.

"All along. Arthur could always understand," she said. Malden looked at her with a fixed, pathetic blankness, while the perception took its full form in his mind. His daughter engaged to William Johnson, Arthur Dyer—almost one of the family—knowing it for years; these people about him, touching his life at every moment; all this going on in his snug, good little world that he had seemed to know so thoroughly and to be guiding so surely!

"Well—there seems to have been—h'm to have been a lot going on here that I never dreamed of," he said with simple bewildered helplessness.

"Oh, dear father! Such a lot! Human nature—the big forces that have their way in spite of everybody! Dear father! You see it has all come out right, if not as you planned. Dear father!" She held his hand between her palms.

"Yes—certainly not as I planned. You're going, William—to Illinois City?" he asked meekly.

"Mr. Malden—let me tell you. As long as five years ago conditions that no man could hinder began writing off this plant. Illinois City was the place to make the plows. You held out against it. I fought it, with all my might, night and day—because she was in my mind then. You understand? It was only a question of time. But a man in a corner, with his back to the wall, likes to grit his teeth and make the time as long as he can. Now, don't you see, there is no longer any reason—any motive——"

Malden looked at his Superintendent with a humble and melancholy smile. "Because my daughter is engaged to Arthur Dyer!" he said. Suddenly he threw up his hands, like one utterly giving it up. "Let it come! Let the trust come as soon as it likes! One man's plans, after all—what does a man know? I used to think my plans important, too. Oh, well—h'm—will you come up to the house, William?"

"I've a good deal to attend to to-night. I must get back," said Johnson quietly. He glanced at Miss Malden

"Good night," he said, going.

A pressure from Julia's hand stayed Malden as he was about to turn away. He stood beside her silently while she watched Johnson's big figure out of sight. Then they turned to the house.

(THE END)

Supreme Tent Knights Maccabees

K.O.T.M.

A SPLENDID SHOWING

Consider the advantages of a fraternal order so strong numerically, and financially, with benefit features so comprehensive, and at a nominal cost.

Membership July 1, 1902	290,077
New Members, past six months	36,283
Benefits paid January to July	$1,367,130.16
Cash and Invested Funds	$1,879,076.95
Gain in Surplus, past six months	$277,898.07

4,300 TENTS IN 50 STATES AND PROVINCES

General Offices: Port Huron, Mich.

D. P. MARKEY, Supreme Commander G. J. SIEGLE, Supreme Record Keeper

The Cost of Repairs

is reduced to a minimum when a **Jas. Boss Watch Case** protects the works of the watch from dust and dampness, jolt and jar.

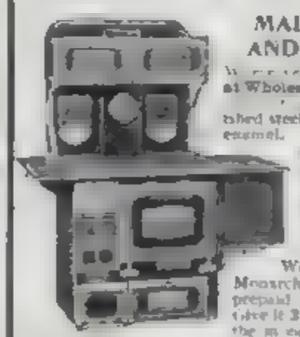
JAS. BOSS
Stiffened GOLD Watch Cases

are far stronger than solid gold cases, absolutely close fitting, do not get out of shape, or lose their rigidity Fully guaranteed for 25 years No matter how much you pay for a movement, be sure to have it protected with a **Jas. Boss Case.** The original gold filled case and the only one proved by 50 years of service. Write us for a booklet

This Mark is Stamped in Every Boss Case

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY
Philadelphia

MONARCH



MALLEABLE IRON AND STEEL RANGE

[illegible] Direct at Wholesale Price [illegible]

[illegible] steel body requires no paint or enamel. Malleable frames make [illegible] ired. Freight paid 400 miles with allowance when further.

Special Free Trial

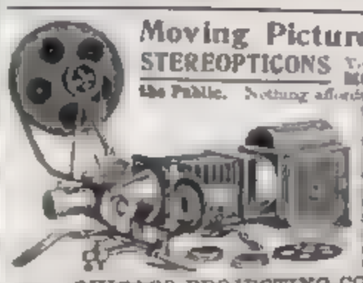
We will ship anywhere any Monarch Range selected, freight prepaid, without a cent in advance [illegible] 20 Days' Test. Then send the [illegible] or return Range at our cost. Postal will bring you cat[illegible] logue, particulars and prices.

TOY MONARCH FREE. Not a picture but a perfect reproduction of Range

Send three 2c. stamps for postage and packing.

MALLEABLE IRON RANGE CO.
133 Lake St., Beaver Dam, Wis. Recently St. Louis, Mo.

Moving Picture Machines
STEREOPTICONS



You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small [illegible]

Our Entertainment Supply Catalog [illegible] sent free.

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street Department L, Chicago, Ill

$25,000 PROFIT from half an acre of Ginseng

[illegible] ade in one year by a Missouri man. Demand [illegible] nearly exhausted. Hardy [illegible] be grown in [illegible] Most profitable [illegible] this wonderful [illegible] Address,

CHINESE-AMERICAN GINSENG CO.
Department D JOPLIN, MO.

BICYCLES BELOW COST

5000 Bicycles, *second-hand.* For 30 days only we will sacrifice at less than actual factory cost **New 1902 Models.**

"Bellina," Complete $8.75
"Cossack" " $9.75
[illegible]
"Siberian," a beauty, . . . $10.75
"Meudorf," Road Racer, . . $11.75
No finer bicycle at any price

Choice of M. & W. or Record tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. *Strong six months' guarantee.*

We SHIP ON APPROVAL C. O. D. to any one *without a cent deposit* and allow **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL** before we purchase is binding

500 GOOD 2nd-HAND WHEELS $3 to $8.

Do not buy a bicycle until you have written for our free catalogues with large photographic engravings and full descriptions.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 54 S, Chicago

The "Best" Light

is a portable 100 candle power light, costing only 2 cts. per week. Makes and burns [illegible] gas. Burns common kerosene, acetylene, and cheaper than kerosene. No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor. Over 100 styles. [illegible] Agents Wanted Everywhere.

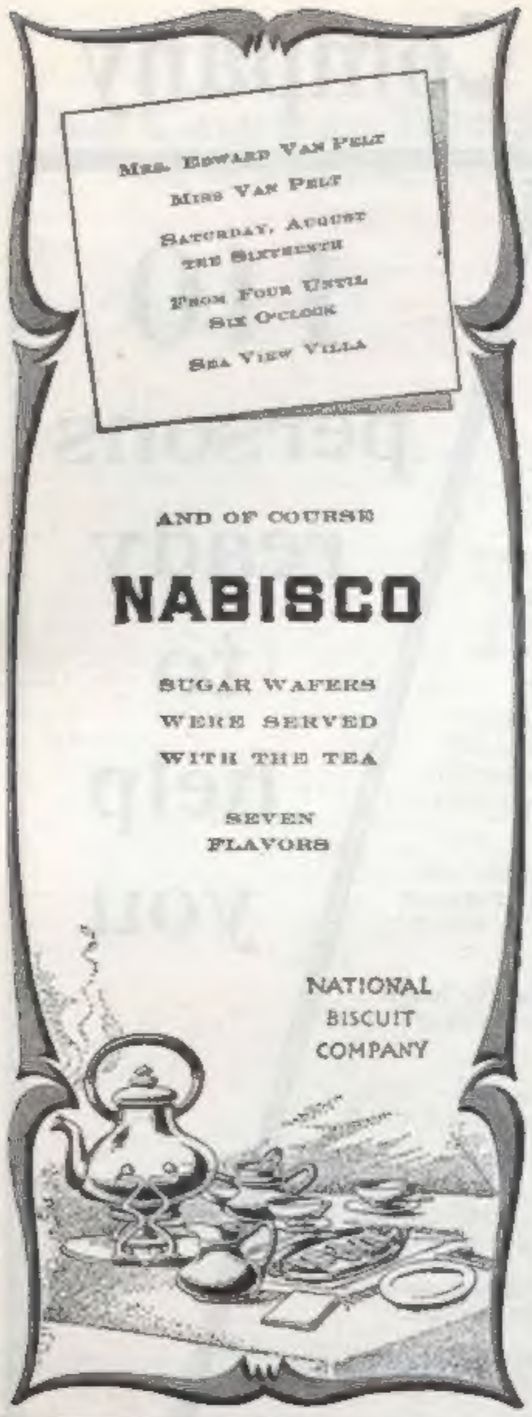
THE "BEST" LIGHT CO.
5-25 East 5th Street, CANTON, OHIO

DON'T PUT IT OFF

any longer. You can use **The Gem Ironing Machine** [illegible] Write for circular. Mangle Co. Box S, Racine Jct., Wis.

THE MAN or WOMAN BEHIND THE PEN

Is in line to win fame and fortune Learn Journalism and Story Writing by mail. Send for free "Writing for Profit." Tells how to succeed as story-writer, newspaper-correspondent, and [illegible] Criticised, sold on commission. Thornton West, Editor-in-Chief of specialists, founded 1895. THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, 67 Baldwin Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind



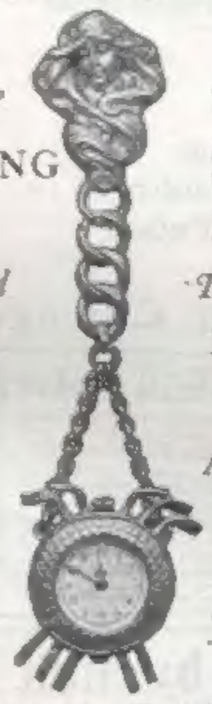
NEW ENGLAND

Chatelaine Belt Watches

ARTISTIC STYLES AND DESIGNS

FOR

LADIES' STERLING GRAY *Warranted* Nine



WEAR SILVER FINISH *Timekeepers* Designs

Illustrated Booklet Sent on Application

FOR BY LEADING SALE ALL JEWELERS

THE NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO.

NEW YORK 37 Maiden Lane — *CHICAGO* 127 Wabash Ave. — *SAN FRANCISCO* Sprechels Bldg.

Pears'

Its least virtue is that it lasts so.

Soap is for comfort and cleanliness.

Pears' soap cleanliness—perfect cleanliness and comfort.

Sold all over the world.

The Reading Table

What the Women are Doing

The women are the people nowadays, and the extent to which they are spreading their energies over the industrial field is wonderful. Apparently there are only a very few occupations in which they are not engaged.

There are now in the United States, according to the census figures just published, no fewer than 3405 women clergymen. Four hundred and nine women in this country are professional electricians, and eighty-four are civil engineers and surveyors. It might not be imagined that wood-chopping was an employment to attract the gentler sex, and yet 113 women make a living in that way.

One thousand and nine lawyers in this country wear petticoats—an enumeration which does not take in Dr. Mary Walker, who pursues the legal profession in pantaloons and a frock coat. Of women physicians and surgeons there are 7399, and fourteen more are veterinaries. There are 787 women dentists—a rather surprising number, when one comes to think of it—and 324 women undertakers.

Inasmuch as in all ages it has been the task of women to prepare the dead for burial, it is rather surprising that more of them have not gone into undertaking. But one might suppose that they were by no means so well equipped for running railway trains, and it is surprising to learn that there are now in the United States forty-five female locomotive engineers and firemen, and seven female conductors on steam railroads. Add to these thirty-one brakemen—or should one not rather say brakewomen?—and ten baggagewomen.

What a treat it would be to see a husky baggage-lady throw trunks into a car! But, for that matter, would it not be even more enjoyable to listen to a female auctioneer? There are three women auctioneers in the United States according to the new census. Two hundred and eighty-one women work at gathering turpentine, and fifty-one make a living by keeping bees. There are ninety-one female sextons—it would be interesting to know if they dig the graves themselves—and no fewer than 5582 women barbers and hairdressers.

Four hundred and forty women are bartenders, twenty-one are stevedores, and thirty run elevators. One thousand and forty-two are architects and draughtsmen, and 545 are carpenters, while 167 work as masons in brick and stone. Within recent years newspaper work has attracted many women, and it is not surprising to find that there are 2193 of them in that profession. On the other hand, it is little short of astonishing to learn that 1320 professional hunters and trappers wear petticoats.

There are eighty-five female bootblacks in the United States, and five pilots. Nine hundred and forty-six women make a living as commercial travelers, and seventy-nine work as hostlers, while 190 keep livery stables. Six thousand six hundred and sixty-three girls and women are employed as errand and office boys, while 1271 are officials of banks and companies. One hundred and ninety-six are blacksmiths, and eight women make steel boilers.

There are in this country 1805 women who earn a livelihood as fishermen and oystermen. Six hundred and twenty-four women are coal miners; fifty-nine mine for gold and silver, and sixty-three are quarrymen. There are actually two motormen in petticoats employed on the street railroads. In fact, women are represented in very nearly every kind of occupation, though as yet they are barred from the Army and Navy, nor have they thus far been able to obtain employment as telegraph linemen.

The Cleanly Peach

A California grower has recently devised a method of "skinning peaches alive," as he calls it. The fruit is dipped, a boxful at a time, in an iron cage, into three vats successively—the first containing a solution of lye, the second hot water, and the third cold water. From their final cold bath the peaches are taken smooth and clean, ready for preserving, with their epidermis entirely removed.

Unparalleled Introductory Offer to POST Readers

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By IDA M. TARBELL

Four beautiful volumes, lavishly illustrated, containing *the graphic life story of one of the FEW great men the world has produced.* Complete sets sent free for inspection. Special introductory prices. Small payments if satisfied.

THE fame and name of Ida M. Tarbell is too well known to POST readers to require an introduction. You are now given the opportunity to see for yourself her master work, which even before completion received the enthusiastic attention and comment of the press, Lincoln admirers, and men of national reputation.

You therefore, will welcome the new Life of Lincoln, by Miss Tarbell, for it is the most complete, accurate, and lavishly illustrated portrayal of Lincoln ever written.

Among the New and Splendid Features

the work contains a wealth of new material never before published, gathered from original sources during five years of the most painstaking research; new portraits, fac-similes of important documents, speeches, letters, telegrams, stories, anecdotes are presented for the first time.

The Work Enables You to Learn

New Facts regarding Lincoln's parentage.

New Light on his life as a boy, farm hand, storekeeper, politician, statesman.

The True Story of Lincoln's marriage.

New Material on the Lincoln-Douglas debate.

New Anecdotes regarding the Lincoln-Shields duel.

New Stories of Lincoln as a lawyer.

The Famous "Lost Speech," delivered in 1856, now first reproduced.

New Facts regarding his nomination for President, election, life in Washington, tragic death.

Every Chapter is full of new material, giving new stories, disproving many mis-statements and popular errors.

MR. DANA'S OPINION OF IT. The late Chas. A. Dana, the famous editor of the New York *Sun*, and who, as Assistant Secretary of War, was intimately associated with Lincoln, selected Tarbell's **Early Life of Lincoln** (the first volume of the present great work) as one of ten books indispensable to every one of American origin.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Sets Sent on Approval

To spread the knowledge of this wonderful work, we are sending, for a short time only, first copies on approval and at our expense, and accepting the low introductory price mentioned on the coupon. **Remember, it costs you nothing to investigate.** If they are not what you want, *send them back.*

LINCOLN HISTORY SOCIETY
150 Fifth Avenue, New York

A PREMIUM ON PROMPTNESS

To insure prompt attention to this announcement, all who cut off and send us this coupon before Sept. 15, 1902, will be presented, upon receipt of their acceptance, with a fac-simile copy of Lincoln's personal note book, carried by him for many years, a unique and valuable gift.

CUT OFF ALONG THIS LINE. DO IT AT ONCE

POST Aug. 23

Lincoln History Society,
150 Fifth Avenue,
New York

Please send me, at your expense, a complete set of Tarbell's **LIFE OF LINCOLN**, in four volumes, bound in cloth. If satisfactory, I will send you $1.00 at once, and $1.50 per month thereafter for six months. If not satisfactory, I will return within 10 days at your expense.

.....

.....

P. S.—I may deduct 5 per cent. for cash if I prefer.

ffrenches First

(Concluded from Page 5)

For a moment Verna was too overcome to speak.

"Fyles," she said at last, "you told me you worked in an office!"

"So I do," I said.

"And own a vessel like that!" she exclaimed. "A yacht the size of a man-of-war!"

"It was you that said I was a poor young man," I observed. "I was so pleased at being called young that I let the poor pass."

"Fancy!" she exclaimed, looking at me with eyes like stars. And then recovering herself she added in another tone: "Now, don't you think it was very forward to rendezvous at a private castle?"

"Oh, I thought I could make myself solid before she arrived," I said.

"Fyles," she said, "I am beginning to have a different opinion of you. You are not as straightforward as a ffrench ought to be—and, though I'm ashamed to say it of you—you are positively conceited."

"Unsay, take back those angry words," I said; and even as I did so the anchor went splash and I could hear the telegraph jingle in the engine-room.

"And so you're rich," said Verna, "awfully, immensely, disgustingly rich, and you've been masquerading all this afternoon as a charming pauper!"

"I don't think I said charming," I remarked.

"But I say it," said Verna; "because, really, you know, you're awfully nice, and I like you, and I'm glad from the bottom of my heart that you are rich!"

"Thank you," I said; "I'm glad, too."

"Now we must go down and meet your boat," said Verna. "See, there it is, coming in—though I still think it was cheeky of you to tell them to land uninvited."

"Oh, let them wait," I said.

"No, no, we must go and meet them," said Verna, "and I'm going to ask that glorious old cox with the yellow beard whether it's all true or not!"

"You can't believe it yet?" I said.

"You've only yourself to thank for it," she said. "I got used to you as one thing—and here you are, under my eyes, turning out another."

I could not resist saying "Fancy!" though she did not seem to perceive the humor of it, and took it as a matter of course. Besides, she had risen now and bade me follow her down the stairs.

It was really fine to see the men salute as we walked down to the boat, and the darkies' teeth shining at the sight of me (for I'm a believer in the colored sailor, myself), and old Neillsen grinning respectfully in the stern-sheets with the yoke-lines in his sunburned hands.

"Neillsen," I said, "tell this young lady my name!"

"Mr. ffrench, sir," he answered, considerably astonished at the question.

"Little f or big F, Neillsen?"

"Little f, sir," said Neillsen.

"There, doubter!" I said to Verna.

She had her hand on my arm and was smiling down at the men from the little stone pier on which we stood.

"Fyles," she said, "you must land and dine with us to-night, not only because I want you to, but because you ought to meet my father."

"About when?" I asked.

"Seven-thirty," she answered. And then in a lower voice, so that the men below might not hear: "Our fairy tale is coming true, isn't it, Fyles?"

"Right to the end," I said.

"There were two ends," she said. "Mine and yours."

"Oh, mine," I said—"that is, if you'll live up to your part of it!"

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"Throw over the Beast and be my Fairy Princess," I said, trying to talk lightly, though my voice betrayed me.

"Perhaps I will," she answered.

"Perhaps," I repeated; "that isn't any answer at all."

"Yes, then!" she said quickly, and disengaging her hand from my arm ran back a step. "I hear Papa's wheels," she cried over her shoulder; "and don't forget, Fyles—dinner at seven-thirty!"

The Mahin Advertising Company

represents organized "gray matter." It stands first, last and all the time for intelligent SERVICE to the Advertiser. It is a machine that thinks for you, plans for you, saves you time, trouble and money in solving business-getting problems. The Mahin Idea in Advertising is that these problems can best be solved by trained specialists, who have practically demonstrated that good advertising is a science, not a "gamble" or lucky accident. Here is an outline of the organization of 110 persons which we place at the disposal of every advertiser:

Our 11 Solicitors bring in the business. They form the connecting link between the agency and the advertiser. Each is a practical psychologist trained in the principles of good salesmanship—capable of outlining and carrying out successful business-getting campaigns. Any one of them would be a valuable man in your own business.

The Literary Department tells your story to the public. It prepares "copy" for advertisements in Magazines and Newspapers, Street Cars, Sign Boards, Windows; writes Booklets, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all follow-up literature, and designs trade-marks, labels, etc.

The Art Department comes into action wherever illustration lends force to advertising. Our artists are specially trained to express the advertiser's idea, subject to the limitations of arbitrarily shaped spaces, the effect of reproduction into plates and the consequences of printing. A drawing made for reproduction differs materially from one to be viewed for itself.

The Engraving and Printing Dep't handles all mechanical features connected with advertisement illustration and display. An expert compositor, like a trained architect, uses an arbitrary space as if it was the ideal space for the purpose required.

The Magazine Department renders invaluable service in the selection of the magazines, and religious, agricultural and secular weeklies of general circulation, and in the purchase of space.

The Newspaper Department constantly investigates circulations, classifies mediums and deals with several thousand publishers where local conditions are of prime importance and little known to the average advertiser.

The Out-Door Display Department handles bill posting and all forms of special advertising that properly classify as "Out-door Publicity."

The Street Car Advertising Department like the three foregoing, covers the entire world with its service.

The Classified "Ad" Department by the use of "Mahin's Coupon System" (patented) has brought about a revolution in handling classified advertisements.

The Checking Department performs important service for the advertiser in seeing that all "ads" appear as contracted for, and that all details of display, illustration, dates of insertion, etc., are correct. The best assurance of perfect service is a highly organized checking department.

The Credit and Accounting Department stands between the advertiser and publisher in the payment of bills, adjustment of any variations or inaccuracies in the execution of contracts, and relieves the former of countless details.

110 persons ready to help you

SEND FOR OUR FREE LEAFLETS:

The "Follow-up" System
How a Constructive Force Removes Difficulties
The Value of an Inquiry
Modern Business Methods
Turning Inquiries Into Orders
The Advertising of the Future

MAHIN ADVERTISING COMPANY, 222 Monroe Street, Chicago

Kodak
Simplicity
has made the Kodak way the sure way in picture taking.
$5.00 to $75.00
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N.Y.
Catalog free at the dealers' or by mail.

SUSPENDERS
that support without restraint—GUYOT Suspenders. Indestructible button holes. Perfect every way. If not at your dealers send 50c for sample pair. GUYNEMER BROS., 683 Broadway, N. Y. City

Try, THEN BUY Plan
the only way we sell our special line of celebrated
KALAMAZOO
steel ranges, steel cook stoves and Oak heaters. We sell direct from our factory at factory prices on
30 Days' Free Trial
freight paid. At the end of the trial you can keep or return purchase at your pleasure. Fairest offer ever made. Want to know more about it? Send for free catalogue.
Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

KLIP-KLIP The Pocket Manicure

Trims, files, shapes and cleans, and keeps the nails in perfect condition. A complete manicure for man, woman or child. Silver steel, nickel-plated. Sent post-paid on receipt of price if your dealer hasn't it. 25c
KLIP-KLIP CO., 570 So. Clinton St., Rochester, N. Y.

"How To Buy A DIAMOND"
Special Summer Offer Write for Particulars
Buy diamonds on your present income by our monthly saving plan. Diamonds sent anywhere for approval, express paid. *Booklet* is worth $10 to intending purchaser. *FREE. Postal brings it.* Dealers write First National Bank, Chicago.
GEO. E. MARSHALL, 101 State St., CHICAGO

The **IDEAL** SQUARE STEAM **Cooker**
With Doors. Cooks a whole meal over 1 burner, on *gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove.* Reduces Fuel Bills One-Half
Has water gauge and replenishing tube on outside. Makes tough meats tender. Will hold 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits. We also make the world-renowned round Ideal Cooker with whistle. *We pay express.* The Housekeeper's Friend. Agents' Bonanza. Send for illus. catalogue. Agents Wanted.
TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 12, Toledo, O.

Learn by Mail
Increase your usefulness in business life by acquiring this special, important qualification. Ours is "the Original School"—The oldest, biggest and best beyond question—The only Advertising School in the world with a thousand page Text-Book—"Fowler's Publicity"—absolutely free to students only. Write to-night for our large prospectus.
Page-Davis Co., Suite 18—90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

"DEARBORN JUNIOR" Typewriter Table Cabinet
42 in. long. 24 in. deep
Takes place of the ordinary typewriter desk costing twice the money. Golden oak, handsome finish, handy, serviceable, invaluable. Delivered east of Rocky Mountains, freight prepaid, for $10. If not satisfactory return at our expense. Write for catalogue of the Dearborn Cabinets.
DEARBORN DESK CO., Birmingham, Ala.

WEDDING INVITATIONS
and Announcements Printed and Engraved. Latest Styles. *Monogram Stationery.* Best work. 100 Visiting Cards &c. Samples and Valuable Booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," Free. S. W. COCKRUM, 503 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.

The Copper King

(Continued from Page 11)

control of it. I don't know whether that's true or not."

"It's true," he said. "But how does a rise in coal improve our chance?"

"Obviously it decreases its profits and makes the owners of it less anxious to keep it."

"Obviously," he repeated, "but that wasn't what you meant."

"No," said I. "I think it improves my own chances of getting control of it——"

"Go a little slower, if you please," said he, "and tell me just what you mean."

"Just this. This is why I bought the property of Peters; why I've come to you. I mean in the first place to make Stanley pay back for coal what he makes me pay him in exorbitant freight charges. That enables me to play a waiting game. And in the second place I mean to put the screws on him so hard in this matter of coal that he'll begin to be less generous in the matter of rebates to the others. They'll be losing money too on their coal bills, and as time goes they'll feel less satisfied with their bargain. They know that if they'll stand with me I'll play fair with them, and I think they'll come around to my side and combine with me against Stanley. That may seem pretty remote, but I believe it's what would happen."

"Sometimes a little adversity shakes men apart," said Drayton thoughtfully, "but sometimes it binds them together. Why won't Stanley be just as likely to try to unite them into one body just as you wanted to?"

"He would if he knew enough," said I, "but that's just what he doesn't see. He drives a hard bargain with his friends just as much as with his enemies. In this last deal with them, when there was plenty to go around he gave them only the leavings. I don't think he'll be any more generous when there's less."

"That's just your impression of him," said Drayton.

"I know the man," said I. "I think I'm right."

"But about our chance for absorbing the R. C. and T.?" questioned Drayton.

"This is as well as I can put it," said I. "Stanley says, 'Every man get all he can'; I say, 'Put it all together, and make a fair divvy, and you'll all get more than you would the other way.' As long as he controls the road it won't be a part of your system. But if all of us up there were under one roof, as it were, and if we controlled that road—or another just like it—I should be in favor of talking business with you."

He said at last that he'd think it over, and the next day I got a note from him saying that I'd brought him around, and that he'd try to put the deal through at the next directors' meeting. I should have been satisfied to let the matter rest there, I was so confident that his influence in the management of the road was paramount, but he kept me over from one day to another, to meet this director, or to develop my views to that one, so that my absence from home amounted to something more than a month.

That is the story of the three moves I made in the great game Stanley and I were playing. The chance shot at Reech, the result of which I had yet to learn; the direct assault, which was already being fought out in the courts and continued to rage for long thereafter; and the pinch in coal under which, as it grew tighter, my adversary soon showed signs of discomfort. And now that the wheels were all in motion I was ready to sit comfortably by for a while and await developments.

During the last weeks of my absence in the East, Barget's letters had been telling me, though not in so many words, that she was anxious to have me come back, and if you add that to my own inclination you may imagine that I was right glad to get my deal closed up, and put down in black and white, and to climb into the train which was about starting on the long pull toward home.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Big Platinum Nugget

PLATINUM rarely occurs in nuggets, though once in a while a lump of it is found; the biggest on record, about the size of a tumbler, being now preserved in the Dresden Museum. Some time ago John M. Davidson, of Rochester, New York, found the metal in two meteorites—an interesting discovery, inasmuch as it proved that platinum exists in other worlds than ours.

PROF. F. K. SANDERS, PH. D.

"All Want to Talk at Once!"

HAVE you had that experience with your adult Bible class? A teacher in New York City has seen her class change from a crowd of listeners to a company of eager Bible students, and she gives the reason for the change. It's worth considering.

Sirs: New York City, February 18, 1902.

If I knew Professor Sanders's address, I should like to tell him that his outline in The Sunday School Times for the "Senior Bible Class" has worked wonders in my class of young men. Whereas, formerly I could never get the young men to even read the lesson at home, nor answer a question in the class, now the sixteen young men prepare carefully, and all want to talk at once! We never before had such enthusiasm in the study of the lessons. Truly yours, —— ——

Will you enable us to send a number of copies of

The Sunday School Times

for 15 weeks, on trial, to the adult Bible class that you know best?

We will send a cloth-bound copy of "Black Rock," Ralph Connor's famous story, to any one who sends us $1.00 for five 15 weeks' trial subscriptions (20c. each).

When these subscribers want to renew as regular subscribers the club organizer in your school will be glad to include their names with his club. But we stop the trial subscriptions, at the end of 15 weeks, if they are not ordered continued. The paper is never forced upon any one.

If you will send 10 trial subscriptions, enclosing $2.00, we will send, in addition to "Black Rock," a copy of the International Lessons, Pocket Edition, for 1902, bound in fine leather.

RALPH CONNOR

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES CO., 1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Highest Positions Open

to telegraphers. Big railroads write us every day for operators. Passes furnished to destination. Good wages. Every opportunity to get ahead.

WE TEACH TELEGRAPHY QUICKLY

and send our men to excellent positions. Tuition is reasonable, expenses low, and many students earn their board. A great opportunity for willing men; fifty-page booklet tells about it. It is FREE. Write today.

Your money back if we fail to do as our catalogue says.

VALENTINE'S SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY (Established 1874) Telegraphy Building, Janesville, Wis.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING for Business

Accounting
Banking
Brokerage

School of Commerce Accounts and Finance. Evening Sessions. New York University, Washington Square, N. Y. City.

FALL TERM OPENS OCT. 1.

PREPARES FOR CORNELL

The University Preparatory School

Boarding and Day Departments

SUMMER TERM opens JULY 16 for 8 weeks

FALL TERM for year 1902-1903 opens SEPT. 30

Eleventh Year. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

CHAS. A. STILES, B. S., Ave. E, Ithaca, N.Y.

ILLUSTRATING BY THE *HEEB System of TEACHING and RECITING PRIVATELY BY MAIL*

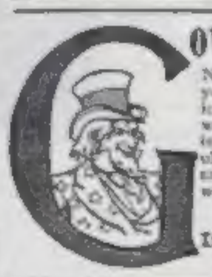
All Magazine, Newspaper Work, Caricature, Lettering, Designing, etc. Students enthusiastic. Personal instruction and guidance. Prepares quickly for paying work. Big salaries for our graduates. Experience unnecessary. Oldest, largest, most responsible and most practical school in the world. Incorporated. Write postal to-day for unsolicited testimonials and full particulars.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING 16 Penna Street, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

BUFORD COLLEGE Nashville, Tenn. Young Women. Limited and Select. Within 30 minutes of "The Athens of the South." Country and city combined. Charming campus of 20 acres. Spacious building, splendidly equipped. All school work on the first floor. Out-door sports emphasized. Non-denominational, non-sectarian, but thoroughly Christian. Faculty of skilled specialists strengthened by a scholarly lecture corps. Graduate, Elective, and University Preparatory Courses. University Bible Course. Business Course. Conservatory training in Art, Music, Expression, and Languages. Access to Laboratories of Vanderbilt University. Record of Current Term represents 12 States and 5 Nationalities. Term opens September 18, 1902. Write for beautiful "Year Book."

Founder and President, MRS. R. G. BUFORD

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS



Nearly 10,000 appointments made last year. Splendid chances in post-office service. Examinations soon. Hundreds whom we have prepared *by mail* for their examinations have been appointed. Full particulars *free* concerning government positions, salaries paid, examinations—when and where held, our methods, etc. Write to-day.

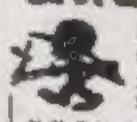
National Correspondence Institute, 19-42 Second National Bank Bldg., Washington, D. C.

New York University Law School

Sixty-eighth year opens Oct. 1, 1902. Day Classes with sessions from 3:30 to 6 P. M. (LL. B. after two years.) Evening Classes, sessions 8 to 10 P. M. (LL. B. after three years.) Graduate Classes lead to LL. M. Tuition, $100. For circulars address

L. J. TOMPKINS, Registrar, Washington Sq., N. Y. City

I want to be a pen and ink artist



If you have a liking or natural talent for drawing, cut this out and mail it with your name and address, and get a free Sample Lesson, circular with terms, etc.

N. Y. School of Caricature, 85 World Bldg., New York City

GINSENG $35,000 made from one-half acre. Easily grown throughout the U. S. and Canada. Roots in your garden to grow thousands of dollars' worth. Roots and seeds for sale. Send 4c. for postage and get our booklet telling all about it.

McDOWELL Ginseng Garden, Joplin, Mo., U. S. A.

PATENT SECURED or FEES returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for our Guide Book and What To Invent, finest publications ever issued for free distribution. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE. EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

$3.00 COASTER BRAKE Fits any hub. Screws on in place of the usual sprocket. Any one can apply it. For free booklet and particulars address

CANFIELD BRAKE COMPANY, Cortland, N. Y.

AN "AUTOMOBILE" CHAIR. Our rubber tires on your rocker save floor and carpet, and give more comfort. Pair complete with fasteners prepaid, only $1. Anyone can attach. Latest practical novelty. Agents wanted; liberal terms; free circulars.

RUBBER ROCKER CO., Box 15, Fredericktown, O.

FOR SALE: A fine cabinet collection of choice SEA SHELLS, named; over 50 varieties; price $10.00 carefully packed, and guarantee them to suit you. This is a fine present and a lasting one. Send for free list. J. F. Powell, Waukegan, Illinois

Come Here! When in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. *Booklet free.*

STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

If I Could Meet You Face to Face

and explain ***why*** the Swoboda System is different and better than any other and infinitely superior to drugs and medicines I know you would be convinced, and being convinced that I can turn lassitude into energy; feebleness into strength; ill health into robust health; mental sluggishness into activity, and insomnia into sound, healthful sleep, by my system, you would place yourself under my direction. To simmer the matter down to its lowest terms, I haven't a doubt but thousands of intelligent men and women who really need my help to restore normal conditions have read my advertisements time and again and would have long ago adopted my system ***had they believed that what I claim is true.***

If ***you*** have any doubt on the subject, I want you to write me saying so, and I'll send you a long list of names and addresses of men and women who have developed perfect manhood and womanhood by the use of my system; people who are above the breath of suspicion—clergymen, professional men and women and honorable business men. More than this, I will send you the postage to write to as many of these people as you care to, and postage to enclose for a reply.

Don't take my word—I'm prejudiced.

I know and I want ***you*** to know that my system, if followed faithfully, first relieves the human organism of poison and impurities by producing healthy digestion and assimilation, and after that revitalizing the exhausted nerves, sending rich, red blood coursing and tingling to every capillary and extremity, puts good, sound muscle where muscle is needed, removes fat, gives erectness of carriage and springiness and grace to the walk—stimulates and builds up the tired brain, paints the cheek with the flush of robust health; builds up, and in fact fits man, woman or child to Nature's perfect mold. I can do all this for you, as I have for hundreds of others, because my system is based on Nature's laws—the results are as natural and inevitable as the cycle of the planets.

Mr. C. O. Prouse, a leading attorney of Hopkinsville, Ky., writes under date of October 5, 1901:

"Allow me to thank you for your kindness for the past two months and for your instructions, which have been to me

one of the richest blessings that I have ever received. At the time of beginning your exercises I was simply a nervous wreck—suffered intensely with indigestion and kindred ailments; was easily overtaxed when attempting work of any kind, and seemed almost impossible to recuperate without leaving off for months all mental and physical labor; but, thanks to you, I was enabled, without medicine of any description (something I had not done for over two years), to keep up my work and at the same time increase my weight and general health until now—only two months—I feel like a new man; am now healthy, strong and tireless. Now I do not know how to be tired, as the exercise you give seems to rest me instead of tiring—it acts like a stimulant to a tired body.

"It does me a great deal of good to say that I have forgotten the taste of 'pepsin' and such other medicines for a weak stomach or digestive organs, and that *I eat anything I want.* I can heartily recommend your system of exercise to anyone that desires a good physical condition—a condition that when the mind is tired and needs the night's rest restful sleep will be his reward.

"I will take pleasure in answering any correspondence that will in any wise help you along the road to success and some unfortunate to the road of health."

I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My system is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. It is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, together with testimonial letters from pupils.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA

526 UNITY **CHICAGO**